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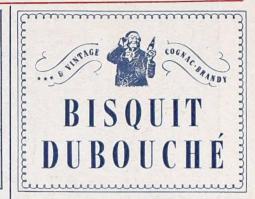
London May 24, 1939



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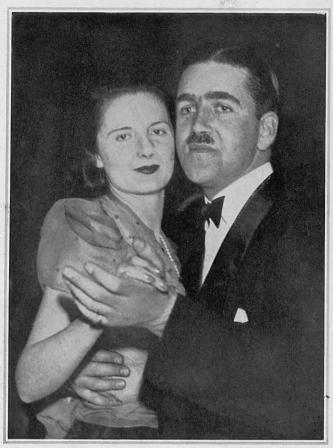
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THE DERBY'S IN THE AIR

In spite of the shortness of the favourite's price for today's great race, the result as ever is open till the actual winner has passed the post. The market is what can be called a good one, for there are many backed, and "Old Moore" says the champion jockey wins it. This, therefore, means Gordon Richards on Mr. Edward Esmond's Fox Cub. The key to the picture is (left to right): Mr. J. V. Rank (Airds Moss), Lord Derby (Heliopolis), Mr. E. Esmond (Fox Cub), The Aga Khan (Dhoti), Gordon Richards, Lord Rosebery (Blue Peter), Sir Abe Bailey (Fairstone), Mr. "Bill" Woodward (Hypnotist), Sir John Jarvis (Admiral's Walk) and "Rufus" Beasley

And the World Said-



DANCING TIME

Lady Churston steps on to the parquet with Captain Robin Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's heir presumptive, at one of the niteries. Lady Churston, who is Lieutenant-Colonel William Du Pre's daughter, has been married since 1933. Her husband, the fourth Baron, bore one of the Golden Spurs at the King's Coronation

THE wiseacres are saying that unless Mother Ceres does the bountiful by Hitler there will be no war, so we can breathe easily with Prunella Stack (Lady David Douglas-Hamilton to the Health and Beauty Girls) until the harvest is in, which permits the lightweights, as America dubs the happy ones with little "above the neck," to indulge in the London season without interruption from above, other than rain. The interruption by aviation at Gatwick was deafening. I wonder if this affects the horses. Anyway, the favourite won the Prince's Handicap for Mrs. "Derby Ball" Pleydell-Bouverie, which reminds me to wish you a successful Epsom, particularly Lord Rosebery, whose Blue Peter would be a popular win. The owner of All's Fair wore her white fur jacket and conversed with Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, whose escort, as at Newmarket, was the owner of last year's Derby winner. Another handsome racing girl, Miss Mary Compton, is wearing ring, so her betrothal to a rich young owner may be in The Times before this appears. Another white fur coat covered Lady Weymouth's slim back. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham



A POPULAR ENGAGED COUPLE

Miss Prunella Higgins, only daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. T. C. R. Higgins, of Turvey House in Bedfordshire, and her fiancé, Mr. H. C. Hanbury, Grenadier Guards, who is the second son of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury, M.P., and of Lady Hanbury, of La Mortola, Ventimiglia, and Kingston Maurward, Dorchester. Their engagement, which brought almost innumerable congratulations, was announced in February



LADY HULSE

The former Miss Amber Orr Wilson, whose marriage to Sir Westrow Hulse, ninth Baronet, took place in Paris last June. Lady Hulse is the only daughter of the late Captain H. S. Orr Wilson and cousin of the famous Field-Marshal, the late Sir Henry Wilson. Breamore, Hampshire, is Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse's country address

(who lunched with Lord Graves), Mrs. Sydney Wilkinson, whose good dressing is a lesson to notso-young matrons, and Peggy Hamilton, of the navy blue eyes, wore grey. Mrs. Glorney was a symphony in pale petunia; the Duchess of Norfolk in subdued green. The ubiquitous Yorkshire Harbords rushed back for the roller-skating finals. This Harringay entertainment has captured Mayfair; the same people went night after night, fascinated by the accidents, the rows and the blood-curdling speed. If the Sunday Press is to be credited (exclamation) five thousand were turned away, but those who got in included the Len Harveys, Sir Harry Greer, and two particularly well-dressed young women, Miss Peggie Johnson, who reads to improve her mind, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny who gets away with more elaborate clothes than her contemporaries. Her photograph at the Stonor christening went round the world, like the Duchess of Kent's fashion leads.

Many nice women, and all those to whom every other adjective applies, are interested in clothes. Fortunately for the shops, they have filtered back from ambulance courses, gas classes and lorrydriving examinations, to the business of buying against a heat wave.

expensive Bohemia always was a tricky

contradiction to put

across. I wonder why the trade -

snobbish tailors and cutters and their backers — has no

opinion of an actor

as fashion leader. They admit Jack Buchanan and now French Without Tears

Harrison look well

in anything, but

praise for innovators,

other than peers, is grudging. The trade evidently wants all

the young men to

swing capes at first like Lord

Poulett (seen escort-

ing a pretty German),

and at race meetings,

like Colonel 'Freddie'

Cripps who has gone to Canada for an in-

definite stay, to the chagrin of White's,

nights,



LADY GASELEE AND MAJOR C. R. ATTLEE AT THE ANGLO-DANISH DINNER

This gathering was at Claridge's in the middle of last week and was honoured by the presence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark. Lady Gaselee is the wife of Sir Stephen Gaselee who has been Librarian and Keeper of the Papers at the Foreign Office since 1920. Her next-door neighbour, the redoubtable Leader of the Opposition, hardly needs any introduction

Lady Veronica Hornby, who wears clothes almost as well as Mrs. Julie Thompson, has been going to lunch parties in a surah dress printed with dozens of different cigarette packets, English and American. They must amuse her nephew, Lord Ava, when she pushes his pram, but on the whole dresses which used to be called "fun" bore their wearers' critical friends before the season is out. This slant on the word fun is an example of how slang percolates from Bond Street to Baker Street. Five years ago everything in the former zone, from Cartier's clips to Sotherby's sales, was "fun"; and yesterday in the street of Sherlock Holmes I heard a "how now brown cow" elderly woman, looking at a hat in a window, say

"the mauve (more vowel massacre) one is fun." The hats which Mrs. Edward Wills collects range from the serviceable to the fantastic. Some only collect other women's emotional property; some, including Mrs. "Fred" Sigrist, go in for antiques; Mrs. Henry Mar-

tineau collects miniature glass animals; Lady Forres buys lustre jugs, but there is only one hat collector in a big way. Sylvia Wills, unlike "cagey" women, encourages friends to try them on, even borrow a saucy one when it comes to a wedding. She purrs then, like a connoisseur asked by Sir Philip Sassoon to lend a picture. She has gone to Paris to investigate the black lace evening hat rumour, but I do not think she will visit the most interesting exhibition there: it embraces art, not millinery. The Orangerie is filled with the Montpellier collection, one of the most important provincial museums, which is being done over. There are fifteen Courbets includhis portrait of Baudelaire; a Gericault of Byron; one of the Child Samuel series by Reynolds;

nine variable Delacroixs; a superb David of Alphonse Leroy; and a not too sticky-sweet Greuze, in spite of its title, 'Le Petit Passereau,

I cannot get off the subject of raiment. Even in Diana Wynyard's dressing-room at the Haymarket it, or rather Rex Harrison, who has been voted the best-dressed man in town clothes (with Lords Sefton and Westmorland tied for country wear) cropped up. He plays the playwright whose reactions to worldly success are so very like Noel Coward's, in Coward's lightweight Design for Living. He even looks welldressed in skimmy borrowed pyjamas in the last act. His gallery girls at the stage door beg Miss Wynyard to tell him they like him "best of all" in the blue pyjamas. He is much more than a tailor's dummy, even in this cardboard play which the richly gifted Wynyard has no business to waste her art on, like a rose pretending to be an orchid in a bottle of arsenic. Although the wit is below Wilde level, it reads better than it acts. which suggests that this normal breezy cast is not quite the right one:

THE BETROTHED: LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN AND LORD COWDRAY WATCHING POLO ON LONG ISLAND

It is understood that the wedding of Lord and Lady Bradford's second surviving daughter to England's non-playing polo captain will take place soon after the return of our polo team to England with (let us hope) that cup! Lord Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman were at Sands Point, L.I., watching the "enemy" at practice

> to whose best-dressed member, Mr. Vivian Cornelius, congratulations on getting a constituency—the North Salford Division of Manchester, where his friendly and decorative wife has already made a sympathetic impression. Their's is a flat opening on to St. James's Park.

It is full of cats, lilac and the bits and pieces she picked up when they were at the Embassy in Rome.

According to my confrères there were hundreds of Conservative M.P.s at the Big Ben Ball. reality, most of the little dears were dragged back in white ties to the House. where a guillotine lasted until 12.30 a.m. It ill behoves one frail columnist to quarrel with another's mistakes, but to write about people and places you do not know personally is wooing error. Walter Buchan, the Town Clerk of Peebles, who shares the Bank House there with his novelist sister, "O. Douglas," has just been described as James Buchan who lives in a bachelor flat over a bank and is writing the history of Peebles. Actually a History



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND H.E. THE DANISH MINISTER AT THE ANGLO-DANISH DINNER

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark were the guests honour at the Anglo-Danish Society's Dinner at Claridge's last week. T.R.H. had only just returned from a visit to the New York World's Fair and the former Princess Ingrid has been staying with the Duke of Connaught, her grandfather, at Bagshot. The Danish Minister is Count Edward Reventlow THE TATLER [No. 1978, May 24, 1939



NOTABLE VIS-Â-VIS: PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

A supper-time snapshot at last week's biggest night-time event, Queen Charlotte's twelfth annual Birthday Ball-fully described on the facing page-which had the Duchess of Sutherland among dinner hostesses. Prince Frederick of Prussia, who often comes over to England, is a grandson of the ex-Kaiser

And the World said—(continued)

of Peeblesshire, in two volumes, was written by Lord Tweedsmuir some years ago, though Scots historians and archæologists agree that this is Walter's best subject, rather than John's. Then there was the announcement in the most authentic of evening columns, that a forty-two-year-old son of the Regent of Hungary has been made Hungarian Ambassador to Washington. Graf Istvan Horthy, who flew here again last week, says his brother "Nicky" is the new Minister to Brazil, aged thirty-two. The Hungarian fliers, who were guests of the Royal Aero Club, had a sticky flight; Counts Horthy and Szapary being the only

arrivals under their own steam, so to speak. An Atlantic flier fell in the Danube without serious consequences, and Graf Orsich transferred to an air liner. The reduced company repaired to Quaglino's with Mrs. Bernard Rubin, who was a Simpson sister, and the Caldwell sisters, Daphne who seldom goes out, from choice, and Diana who goes everywhere, in high spirits. They went on to The 400 where the outstanding beauty was Mrs. Allan Cameron, Pam Grant-Sturgis that was, dancing with a Weldon. She was there on the big night too, in a red and purple dress, very covered up and American looking. Possibly it was green and blue; the lighting at the F.H. has become so discreet I wouldn't know. The Duchess of Kent's dress was definitely white pleated chiffon, with diamanté cross-over bands on the bodice, rather Récamier. She danced with Lord Moore whose wife danced with H.R.H. passed the time of night with Mr. David Herbert, while Lord Moore had the tune changed, evidently at his Royal partner's request. A delicious Winterhalter dress of stiff green and white lace became Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower who was with her husband, Mrs. Arthur Woolley-Hart and Hubert Gurschner, some of whose religious panels were bought by Lord Duveen for the Tate. Mrs. Claude Leigh danced with a straight back; Mrs. Frank Bellville with "Ken" Homan and

gardenias in her back hair; Mrs. "Pat" Anderson, bemoaning her husband's absence on business in Canada, partnered "Reg" Shurey, Le-Touquetite; Lady "Vinie" Dundas with Ralph Harbord, who of all the young men dances best; Lady Iris Mountbatten looked up to a Weldon; Lady Diana Gibb listened to Martin de Hosszu the portraitist; Captain Robert Jenkinson two-stepped heartily with his wife (he is one of the best gardeners in England, which reminds me that Mr. S. Sitwell only condescends to grow flowers which bloomed in the Victorian era or earlier) and Sir "Jock" Broughton did not dance. After a long winter in Cheshire he was relishing the spectacle which this gilt-edged bottle party presents, if you can distinguish the shapes from one another, and even when you can't. He came on from the Savoy where all is obvious as high noon. Diners included Lady Mainwaring whose rare name is Generis; Steve; Sir Harry and Lady Lyons back from a weekend at Knole; young Kenneth Mackenzie of Dolphinton who has added a commission in the London Rifle Brigade (Territorial) to his Special Constable rôle; the Peter Martineaus and Captain Arthur Evans who has brought a private Member's bill to defeat the loopholes in legislation exposed by the Savoy's failure to get a licence for a West End branch of Simpson's, not to be confused with the trouser shop.

Another long-lived restaurant, the Trocadero, was nich rick the scene of the Veteran Motorists' Lunch at which Lord Alness spoke with all the accomplishment of a good Scots lawyer. He speaks as Gordon rides, and Kreisler plays; the complete master of what he is doing. Lady Dunedin, wife of another great Scots lawyer, is having reel practices at her house for the Caledonian. She was at Sir Lionel Earle's party admiring the Royal Record, a wonderful production by the Coronation Planting Committee. The King's copy has a frontispiece sketch of the Queen by Colin Gill, cousin of sculptor Eric (who made a witty stand against our Mr. Agate's wit at the Chelsea dinner before the Royal Academy, when speeches are off the record) and a fine red binding by young Elizabeth Greenhill; the whole being compiled by young Archie Gordon. Who says the young have

no feeling for beauty, or energy to preserve and enlarge our English heritage? There is something appealingly English about the Rose Ball which gathers additional funds for Alexandra Day and thus for all the hospitals. The Duchess of Kent goes to this on June 1 at Grosvenor House; in fact H.R.H. is carrying on her ancestress, Queen Alexandra's heartfelt work. Lady Hambleden's final committee was attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch amply do their duty by these functions in spite of launching a débutante a-piece.

Tonight, Wednesday, May 24, Mr. Philip Guedalla is lecturing before the Royal Society of Arts in John Street, Adelphi, on "The Method of Biography." A literary peer, Lord Gorell, will preside, and you can partake of light refreshments in the library afterwards. The Royal Society of Arts was founded in 1754.

Innovation: Lord and Lady Ellesmere are lending Bridgewater House for a cabaret and cocktail party to help the funds of the National Children Adoption Association. On Thursday, June 8, from 4.30 to 7, one guinea (or 10/6 after 6) gives you the entrée to this historic house where hang Titians, Poussins, van de Veldes and other lovely pictures and where several distinguished artists will be all set to entertain you. For tickets apply to Lady Susan Birch, 22 Prince Albert Road, Regent's Park.



STEPPING OUT AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

Lady Londonderry and Sir Eric Miéville join the dancers at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, at which Lady Londonderry's youngest daughter was a Maid of Honour. Sir Eric Miéville, an Assistant Private Secretary to H.M. The King since 1937, may be accompanying The Duke of Kent when H.R.H. goes to Australia as Governor-General

PICTURES FROM AT HOME AND ABROARD



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA



Cocounius Grove Club

A CELEBRITY FOURSOME IN HOLLYWOOD: EDGAR BERGEN, JEAN PARKER, MARY PICKFORD AND HUSBAND BUDDY ROGERS

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent performed the opening ceremony of London's best all-round show of the season, the Royal Tournament, and he and H.R.H. the Duchess enjoyed the subsequent programme immensely, and especially, if the Duchess's merriment be any criterion, the wooden soldiers display by the boys of the Duke of York's School, it includes an engagement in which almost every one gets killed. The Duke of Kent was in naval uniform and the Duchess was in a most attractive lace costume of R.A.F. blue, trimmed with mink, and wore a boater-shaped hat from which flowed a long tulle veil, also of Air Force blue. As to the other picture straight from the Cocoanut Grove niterie in Hollywood it is not perhaps necessary to record that Edgar Bergen is the sparring partner of the argumentative "Charlie McCarthy" and the chump-headed "Mortimer." Jean Parker is one of the films' most decorative and also ablest, and Mary Pickford still remains the sweetheart of all the world. The news is that she has refused to star in a screen biography of Mary Baker Eddy as the Christian Science Church would not approve of such a film. Husband Buddy Rogers, always busy on many pictures, was thoroughly enjoying this little night off

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Love Around Regent Street

UESTIONNAIRES being the vogue, I propose to put three queries to my readers which ought to be answered straight away and without taking thought. Here they are:
(1) Is the Plaza in the Haymarket or in Lower

Regent Street?

(2) Is the Gaumont in Lower Regent Street or in the Haymarket?

Is the Carlton in either the Haymarket or Lower Regent Street, and if so, which?

Personally, I can answer only the third of these questions without taking considerable thought.

The other day I was on my way to the Plaza to see the new film called Midnight. Arrived there as I thought, I was so exasperated to find that I had been dropped instead at the Gaumont showing the already-seen Wuthering Heights, that I stamped down Lower Regent Street—I mean the Haymarket—and turned into the Carlton to see Love Affair which I missed at its first showing but whose posters had the serious warning: "Cannot be seen elsewhere until next September." watched Love Affair right through to its far-from-bitter end, and the experience prompts me to put a few more queries

(1) Are there luxury cruises from New York to Madeira and back, staying at that island only four

(2) Would the lady in the case, played by Miss Irene Dunne, be allowed by her fiancé to go on such a cruise in the pink of health and completely unaccompanied?

Would the gentleman in the case, played by Mr. Charles Boyer, go on such a trip (a) to avoid publicity or (b) to take a cup of tea with his grandmother in Madeira?

(4) Would the couple returning to New York make a pact not to meet again for six months, and then on the

top of the Empire State Building?

Would Miss Dunne, run over by a taxi at the bottom of the Empire State Building on the way to keep the appointment, conceal her consequent lameness from Mr. Boyer by vanishing from his life and teaching the inhabitants of an orphanage to sing in harmony?

(6) Would Mr. Boyer, since Miss Dunne had now become a celebrated cabaret singer, not read of the accident in the

Would Mr. Boyer, making a fortune as a painter and then sinking to billposting, remain front-page news?

(8) Would he take yet another trip to Madeira, apparently at his finances' lowest ebb, solely to bring back a white shawl which his grandmother had said Miss Dunne could have when she died?

Would Mr. Boyer placing the shawl about Miss Dunne's shoulders rise to take his leave yet again when both had

already got rid of all other ties?

(10) And would Miss Dunne so unconscionably hesitate to tell Mr. Boyer that, though he might walk out of her life yet again, it was not in her power to walk a single yard after him?

My own answer to these ten questions is a crescendo of Noes, with the exception of No. 6 to which my reply is

a Yes louder than the nine Noes put together.

For years I have been trying to find out the exact difference between the producer and the director of a film. I have lately come to the conclusion that the differentiation is a mere device whereby the director may take to himself all the virtues of a film and impute all the faults to the producer. And vice versa. Now, in the case of Love Affair, the same man, Mr. Leo McCarey, declares himself both producer and director, besides being the part author of the stry. It logically follows that Mr. McCarey thinks a lot of Love Affair, and our own Mr. Charles Laughton has publicly declared that he thinks a very great deal of Mr. McCarey. Well, all I can see in, and therefore say about, Mr. McCarey's work on this film is that he has a nice crisp touch in the Lubitsch manner



ANN SHERIDAN, A STAR OF WHOM WARNER BROS. SHOULD BE PROUD

This lady without any doubt has something to sing about, with a whole string of successes behind her. As the girl in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, with James Cagney as her opposite, she was superb. Following that she now has a fine rôle in *Dodge City*, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. This picture which took six months to make has not yet reached England. In *Naughty but Nice*, which is coming to the Warner Theatre in about three weeks, Ann Sheridan attains stardom in her own right

of sophisticated love-making, and that he has an embarrassing habit of suddenly sagging into the deepest swamps of sentimentality. Arrived at the villa in Madeira, Charles in a sports jacket and Irene in a floppy straw hat, the two are sent by grandmamma into the private chapel to pray together! After that episode, which I refuse to dwell upon or describe further, it was comparatively innocuous that grandmamma—a beautiful performance by Marie Ouspenskaya—should sit at the grand piano and with trembling fingers play to them the lovely old song, *Plaisir d'Amour*. Back at her proper job in New York, Miss Dunner sings her own brand of song very well indeed. Her performance is far more effective before her taxi accident than after it; she is much better standing than sitting, and very much better sitting than kneeling. Mr. Boyer in all postures is sensitive,

whimsical, manly, and a wee bit wooden.

Leaving both stars in the middle of their last, long-delayed embrace, I stamped back to see Midnight at the Plaza. This is just as good a film in its way with the advantage of staying throughout on the plane on which it starts—that of cynical, sophisticated high-low comedy. It is the work of two unfamiliar gentlemen who, between them, seem to me to be quite as ingenious and twice as consistent as Mr. McCarey. It has also Miss Claudette Colbert who turns up in Paris without a sou and wearing a gold lamé evening gown. Fortunately there is a taxi-driver in the rank at the Gare de Lyon who is not only young and handsome, but speaks American. Having feasted Miss Colbert at a good pull-up for Parisian taxi-drivers, the American offers the lady his bed with the offence-removing proviso that he himself will be working until morning. Nevertheless, the lady displays all the usual stern surprise. Bon souper? Yes! Bon gite et le reste? No, no! So Miss Colbert runs away and gains admittance to an extremely smart musical party. Here she captivates Mr. Francis Lederer, and so fascinates Mr. John Barrymore that the pop-eyed libertine so amusingly drawn by that witty actor stuffs her empty handbag with a hundred thousand francs. Miss Colbert now takes to herself the name of Baroness Czerny. The taxi-driver, played by Mr. Don Ameche, discovers her and at once announces himself as the Baron Czerny. And together the two play exercises in duplicity unknown to the lamented Carl. Both stars sparkle through.





MAIDS OF HONOUR: THE HON. KATHARINE ORMSBY-GORE, MISS DINAH BRAND, LADY MAIRI STEWART AND A FRIEND

Ever since 1927, Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, in aid of England's largest maternity hospital, has been an immensely important annual date for débutantes. In fact, to be chosen as a Maid of Honour at this unique party is almost essential to a young lady's first season success. This year 228 Buds, with 108 Maids-in-Waiting (ex. debs.) in support, drew in the vast birthday cake, from which H.H. Princess Helena Victoria—a direct descendant of the Hospital's Royal founder—cut the first slice. The big picture shows Her Highness performing this not altogether easy task and gives a very good idea of the outstanding decorativeness of the all-white scene at Grosvenor House. The Maids of Honour close-up above features the respective daughters of Lord and Lady Harlech, the Hon. Robert Brand, and Lord and Lady Londonderry. Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley was another member of this charming band

THE BLOOM OF YOUTH: DÉBUTANTES CURTSY AS H.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA CUTS THE GIANT BIRTHDAY CAKE AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL



LADY WHARNCLIFFE, HER DAUGHTERS, LADY DIANA AND LADY BARBARA STUART-WORTLEY, AND MR. DUNNE

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

Since writing my last article I have had letters from and talks with clerks of courses, trainers, owners and ordinary racegoers. Without exception they agree that from every point of view racing in this country is in a very bad way. Clerks of courses complain that attendances have fallen away very seriously, trainers say that the standard of bloodstock has deteriorated out of recognition, owners demand consideration and added money, breeders are losing very rapidly the market for their horses and racegoers are dissatisfied with the discomfort, bad programmes, high charges of admission and often expensive and very moderate catering.

Starting with the horses which, after all, are the most important factor, not even the most self-satisfied of diehards can kid himself on that score. Not only do we lose our Derby and Gold Cup, but right down the scale even to the two-year-olds in which our breeders have been allowed to specialize we cannot hold our own. Not many two-year-olds in training from abroad are ever sent over, but they would have an easy task this year; so far, in fact, El Morocco would appear to be the best out and he certainly doesn't look a world-beater. As one trainer remarked: "I am glad when the French put a ban on the export of horses, they did so on camels and goats as well, otherwise people would have imported and won with them."

Trainers complain that the majority of their horses have

either no legs, no constitution, no temperament, no speed or no stamina, and most of them are lacking in all these qualities. They say that horses have no guts. They won't stand training and one race as likely as not finishes them constitutionally or temperamentally. They seldom run twice alike or up to their gallops, and one race a month is their limit.

Part of this is due to the horsetired condition of many stud farms, no doubt, and the methods of hot-housing yearlings. Looking beautiful on sale day in the paddocks on arrival at their training quarters they require a staff of trained nurses to look after them, and their redworms, their putty legs and their melting bodies. The least work does in their joints, their temperament and their constitution. The main factor, however, as has been said before—and I hope will be said again and again till something is done—is our method of racing, catering almost exclusively for the benefit of the breeders and owners of sprinters.

One of our leading trainers who has trained the winners of all the big races several times over said to me, "Give me the two-year-olds every time. Unless you have a smashing classic three-year-old you can win far more with two-year-olds." I think I'm not far wrong in saying that Orwell won £17,000 as a two-year-old,

far more than he ever ran for as a three-year-old and more than some classic winners have won all told.

Naturally, the majority of owners go for two-year-olds under these conditions, breeders supply the demand by breeding sprinters, and the courses encourage them by staging huge stakes. The legislation that there must not be more than £200 added money in a two-year-old race before the Epsom summer meeting has only served to cheapen programmes for the courses. They can now stage their big race, worth about £800, as early as Liverpool Spring Meeting in the form of a sweepstake, to which they may not add more than £200. Courses stage huge two-year-old 'breeders' races at



Truman Howell MR. FRED DARLING AND MR. JOHN DEWAR AT CHEPSTOW

They had just seen the Beckhampton Derby hope Fox Cub, which Fred Darling trains, romp away with the Chepstow Trial Stakes. Fox Cub is owned by Mr. Edward Esmond and ridden by the champion Gordon Richards



Howard Barrett

LORD ALLERTON HAS A RIDE AT MARKET RASEN

The steed is his own Potato Jones, which he rode in the Amateur Riders' Hurdle Race at this favourite racing rendezvous in Lincolnshire. In the last race on the card at this meeting Lord Allerton's March Along won the Hainton 'Chase ridden by Mr. E. Bennett instead of by the owner

infinitesimal cost to themselves and the breeders who are on something to nothing ensure that there are plenty of entries.

There are so many courses open that one can only feel that if none are taken it is due to the preponderating rôle of the breeding interests.

In France, two-year-old racing starts later than ours, and in America over the full five furlongs (and their level circular tracks are easier than ours) they also start later. Why don't we start later? Cannot the maximum value of a two-year-old race (possibly with one or two exceptions) be legislated for and breeders' two-year-old races with their enormous forfeits be prohibited, reduced or, better still, given for middle distance three-year-old races? Cannot more middle or long distance races be insisted on in programmes? Programmes are more closely bound up with attendances than is realized, and the average programme is an insult (which only legislated-for lack of competition allows racecourses to get away with) to a man who has paid up to twenty-four shillings admission to see. Selling races were intended for the purpose of getting rid of bad horses; now they are the corner stone of the ordinary programme. One third of the races at ninety per cent of meetings are selling plates. Gam-

blers use them for betting, the executives encourage them for the surplus and more than half the buyers at yearling sales are looking for platers. Handicaps in other countries are looked on as a joke, to give the owner of a moderate horse a chance and get lots of horses backed on the tote. They only encourage owners to keep bad horses and should be used sparingly instead of as at one two-day meeting constituting six of the twelve races. Our big buyers are going abroad wholesale for their blood-stock, and if we go abroad for it who is going to come to us? Outside the top half-dozen stallions (the stamina of whose get is problematical) try to find a middle or long distance stallion who isn't as old as a man. We haven't bred them and we haven't got them.



A WELCOME TO EMPIRE VISITORS

At Overseas House



VICE-ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., TALKING TO LADY HELEN NUTTING

MISS JESSICA STONOR WITH SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, WHO RECEIVED

BARON AND BARONESS DE RUTZEN AND MRS. GORDON-LENNOX (RIGHT)

In honour of the many Empire visitors now in England, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the Welcome Committee, and his wife, gave a pleasantly informal reception last week at Overseas House. Sir Jocelyn, who busies himself in furthering Empire good-feeling as zestfully as he hunts the Aldenham Harriers or his pack of Sealyhams, had friendly conversations in all directions. His photographic companion above is a well-known young sculptor. Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, seen with Lord Airlie's sister, won his V.C. in 1917 while in command of the "Q" boats ("My Mystery Ships"), about which he wrote a thrilling book, one of several he has published. Baroness de Rutzen (her husband's Polish title dates from 1657) is the only daughter of the late Captain Sir Henry Philipps, of Picton Castle, in Pembrokeshire



OAN LADY BANNERMAN AND MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS

lost people were in good heart at Overseas House, Joan Lady Bannerman, who is the widow of Major Sir Alexander Bannerman, leventh Baronet, of Elsick, shared joke with one of our leading etresses, Miss Margaret Rawlings. The latter is not long back from America, naturally very disappointed, as well as surprised, at the hort New York run of Charles lorgan's The Flashing Stream, which went so well in London



LADY ANNALY, LADY SINGH, AND SIR MAHARAJ SINGH



MISS MARIE NEY AND COLONEL D. MACKAY IN CONVERSATION

Another stage notability was at the reception-namely, Miss Marie Ney, who has been busy filming since She Too Was Young. Colonel D. Mackay, who appears with her above, is in the Egyptian Government service. Lord Analy's wife, a former chairman of the Welcome Committee at Overseas House, accepted the invitation to meet Empire guests with great pleasure, and had a long talk to Sir Maharaj Singh and his wife, who only arrived in England from India, a few days before this crowded and

highly successful forgathering

NEWS FROM NORTH AFRICA

Mr. Sydney Alberga, novelist, and author of "Second Flight," a satire on Nazi Germany, lately paid Tunisia a visit, maybe to try and get the low-down on what the Franco-Italian difference of opinion amounts to. He is seen here with Mrs. Gwynneth Peak beside a wonderfully decorated doorway in Sidi-bou-Said

ent during the last sixty-odd years in art, literature and drama; with a sprinkling of royalty, the Army, the Navy, and one outstanding cook. In somewhat rapid tempo they pass before us in single file, with an interesting a propos remark applied to each, though, occasionally, the march-past is held up while what seemed like a large company of best and dearest friends are singled out for a more detailed account. Douglas Sladen must have a talent amounting to genius for making companions.

He writes: "It has always been

my habit to make companions rather than friends, and yet I suppose those companions are friends, because, when we are parted, and do not meet for years, our companionship remains at the exact spot where we left it." Granted this natural gift, and being still apparently eager for life and fellowship at eighty-three years of age, it is not surprising that this book of reminiscences is crowded with people. The scene changes often. We are in Australia or Japan, London or elsewhere, but still, so to speak, the crowd pursues us. So that, though we get to know little enough about the author, we meet almost everybody who was, or is, anybody and become at least on reflected nodding acquaintance with the whole lot. It is a pageant of names—as it were, in all sizes-and scarcely one who is not handed a bouquet, or at least a button-hole. Which is delightful, though some may find it just a wee bit monotonous—like the party smile. So that, "cats" as we are, it was rather nice to read that Sir John Monash (the most interesting person we knew in those days), who commanded the Australian forces in the war, and wrote the book "The Australian Victories in France," hated Melba!

That really is the nearest thing we get to a little human acid in the whole of these kindly, discursive reminiscences. Perhaps some of the lesser names provide the greater fun. I like the story concerning Lucille, the once-famous dressmaker, otherwise Lady Duff-Gordon, and how she was invited by Maude Royden to preach to her congregation at the Guildhouse. "Lucille entered with a flourish, and sat down

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Very Crowded Life. LL books leave. more or less, personal impression behind them when finished. and my own impression, after reading Mr. Douglas Sladen's autobiography, "My Long Life" (Hutchinson; 12s.6d.), is that of an out-size Albert Hall crowded with men and

women emin-

Anthony

EDWARD SEAGO The noted painter of landscapes, horses and circus life, whose exhibition of recent work, on view for three weeks at the Medici Society's gallery in Grafton Street, was opened by Lord Derby on May 22. Mr. Seago did an admirable portrait of Lord Derby's Hyperion, which the Head of the House of Stanley presented to his Derby winner's Destroyer namesake; and in this show two more portraits of Lord Derby's racehorses figure importantly. The very repre-sentative exhibition also features several of the artist's Russian Ballet paintings. During the last few years, many of Mr. Edward Seago's pictures have appeared in book form, twice with accompanying poems by the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield

on the table, exposing twenty-shillings'-worth of a guinea pair of stockings through a slit in her skirt. This display occasioned some astonishment, and as the lecture proceeded it became clear that, though God was beauty, there was another side to Lucille's interpretation of the cosmic message. She illustrated her talk on how to make the best of oneself by declaring that her mannequins enjoyed the best marriage 'There are six of 'em ridin' in their market in Europe. Rolls-Royces, and three with their marriage lines in their pockets,' she declared, proudly adding, that?'" 'Can you better

I liked, too, the anecdote concerning Phil May who, with eight others, after a party at Zangwill's home in Kilburn, squeezed into the last hansom to get home: "Heinemann, the publisher, was on the roof beside the driver. There were four of us inside the cab and three in front of the doors which shut us in. The driver was lashing his horse and trying to evade the notice of the police. Suddenly Phil began to yell 'Help! help!' at the top of his voice. A policeman stopped the cab and said: 'What is the matter, sir?' and Phil cried out desperately, 'I want to meet a lady in Piccadilly and they 're trying to take me home!' 'But, then, the charm of this autobiography is the charm of an autobiography more by anecdote than less. As written by the original compiler of "Who's Who" it is not surprising that Whowas-Who-or-still-is crowd its pages. And let it be recorded that the author is just about the only autobiographer I have ever read who did not fall under the spell of Ellen Terry! "She always pretended to remember me," he writes, "but was humbugging: I didn't like it, because I felt that it must be her universal habit.'

Other memories include a trip on the first Underground

Railway on the day it was opened; an outbreak of cholera in Kensington; the strange case of the book, "Truth About Germany: Facts About the War," which the Germans had printed in English and distributed wholesale in America, though not one copy has been allowed to enter England. It was a book of ugly lies to which Mr. Sladen wrote an exposure, and Hutchinson's were prepared to print it, until "German spies went to our feeble Home Secretary and showed him a copy of the book, and persuaded him that, if he allowed such an arraignment of England to be published, it would be a very bad thing for this country.' MSS, the proofs, and the whole edition were burnt, but Hutchinson's were more than a match for him. He took one of the secreted copies to Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, who declared that its publication in England was most important. The German book was brought out under the editorship of Dr. Schacht; the English exposé was brought out under the title of "The Secret White Paper: Germany's Great Lie," and Douglas Sladen was the writer. It is comforting to know that fifty thousand copies were sold.

Elsewhere, however, the book deals more with people than events—apart from the author's championship of the great Australian poet Adam Lindsay Gordon, and, less poetically inclined, the story of how he and his wife tried to solve the servant problem in their house in Richmond by turning the kitchen in the evening into a mixed club on strictly limited membership: with results that, it is to be hoped, helped the nation eventually, but locally thinned the ranks of housemaids-and is always interesting and readable, though, as I have written, it gave one reader the impression of

(Continued on page 342.)

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND WERE MET BY THE CAMERA ON ARRIVAL

THE AIR LEAGUE "HIGH BALL"



L. TO R.: THE BALL PRESIDENT, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, MISS SALMOND, AIR MARSHAL SIR JOHN SALMOND AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND



LORD JERSEY PARTNERED MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL



MR. ARTHUR LEVESON AND MRS. HAROLD BALFOUR, WHO WORE A STRIKING DRESS



BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE SHAPE OF LORD ANSON AND LADY BETTY ANSON

The Air League of the British Empire last week organised a highly entertaining gathering at Grosvenor House under the title of a "High Ball" dinner dance, with the Duchess of Sutherland as President, a fact which naturally assured it being a great success from the word go. The camera, during the course of the evening, managed to gather in quite a number of well-knowns, who have been transferred to this page. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon were among the first to be shot, and very hard they were to spot, as they are not too fond of the limelight. The next photograph finds the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with Sir John Salmond, Marshal of the R.A.F., and his daughter. Lord Jersey, when snapped, was dancing with Mrs. Archie Campbell, and his lovely wife, the former Virginia Cherrill, was having supper with Mr. Simon Marks of chain - store fame. Lord Anson, seen with his eldest sister, is Lord Lichfield's son and heir, and a Grenadier. Herr Weissman, who was partnering Mrs. John Goodenday, was formerly secretary to Dr. Schacht when he was President of the German Reichsbank



DANCE TIME FOR MRS. JOHN GOODENDAY
AND HERR WEISSMAN



LADY JERSEY AND MR. SIMON MARKS TOOK A LITTLE NOURISHMENT TOGETHER

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

being at an enormous party in an out-size Albert Hall. So that, at moments, one felt that the first Mrs. Sladen, who hated parties and had a good physical excuse for not attending them, found a more peaceful kind of happiness which, had I been of the Sladen household, I would occasionally have liked to have shared. I am psychologically built that way. All the same, if I have to meet a lot of people, an entertaining autobiography such as "My Long Life" is decidedly my cup of tea. It enables you to watch the pageant with someone at your elbow, so to speak, to

explain everybody, and you, yourself, asked to lend no greater personal effort than to accept the invitation, to listen and be interested and amused.

Edna Ferber's Autobiography

All the same, one delves far deeper into a life, and thus meets in more personal and intimate relationship the author, in "A Peculiar Treasure" (Heinemann; 12/6), Edna Ferber's unusually interesting autobiography. Moreover, besides being a varied and very frank revelation, it is also a fine tribute to the Jews and a denunciation of their persecution, especially in Germany. Ending with this incontestable statement: "I am like a woman disappointed in love—in her love of the human race. For myself, it does not matter, for I have another world-the world that was before the year 1914. All my life I have lived, walked, talked, worked as I wished. I should refuse to live in a world in which I could no longer say this. Since 1933 the whole German nation have been slaves. And in those years not a line of beautiful poetry, not a page of stirring or important imaginative writing, not a piece of great or even good music, not a single fine painting had come out of the German nation. . . . It has been my privilege, then, to have been a human being on the planet Earth; and to have been an American, a writer, a Jew. A lovely life I have found it, and thank you, sir. So come Revolution! Come

Hitler! Come Death! Even though you win-you lose!" And these most courageous words are symbolical of the whole autobiography as a personal declaration. Edna Ferber's father was a Hungarian Jew who emigrated to America and there married Julia Neumann, member of a well-known Jewish family. Unlike most Jews, however, Jacob Charles Ferber was no business man. His efforts to run a big store in Appleton, Wisconsin, were eventually rescued from bankruptcy by his wife. While in her teens, Edna Ferber became a reporter on a local newspaper, which, like every other job she had during her struggling years, she found great fun. But that is one of the great charms of this bookthe writer's courage, downrightness, and her sense of humour even under the most trying circumstances. Reading this autobiography one realises once again how useful can be a period of years spent in daily journalism to a writer of imaginative fiction. There is not a scene in this book, nor a figure, which, within a few lines, does not spring into life immediately. Her private life and her public life run concurrently through the book, and the result is a personal intimacy between the reader and writer, which is like meeting and getting to know a new and wholly delightful friend.

So to speak, there are no fal-lals about her. She took everything and everybody in her stride, and enjoyed the experience,

whatever it might be. She has the feminine eye for realities. Of her visit to Russia she writes: "Behind the Stalins, the Five-Year-Plans, the clenched fist and sickle, the tomb of Lenin, the purges, the whispering, the fears, the spiritual and physical slavery, the pretence at freedom, the Park for Culture and Rest, the old newspaper-eye sensed this: Everybody in Russia wanted more than anything in the world to have oranges and soap and leather shoes and a Ford car and a radiophonograph and a fountain pen. I longed to say 'Look! In the United States, in the ten years preceding 1929, practically everybody had all those things. But it didn't seem to work out so very well. I really wouldn't go to all this bother if I were you."

Unlike the majority of famous authors and dramatists she can be amusing and interesting about her own novels and plays. To each she gives of her best, because, psychologically, she can't do otherwise; but the result is not beyond outside criticism, nor does she flaunt her success before your eyes as do the Great I Ams of the smaller creative writers. She is jolly and she is wise: she is brave and she is out for new adventures all the time. The result is a life-story which, so to speak, reads itself from the moment you begin it until, regretfully, you finish reading its last paragraph.



MRS. GEOFFREY MANDER

Who writes under her maiden name of Rosalie Glynn Grylls, and whose new book, "Claire Clairmont," just published by John Murray, is a biography of one of the most entertaining of Byron's mistresses, the mother of his daughter Allegra. The author discovered much new material about the later life of Claire Clairmont from such far apart sources as the north of Scotland and the Viennese State Archives. A very interesting book is the result. Before her marriage in 1930, Mrs. Geoffrey Mander was a Liberal candidate for Reading. Her husband is Member of Parliament (Liberal) for East Wolverhampton

Thoughts from "A Peculiar Treasure."

Writers write to be read.
Only amateurs say they write for their own amusement. Writing is not

an amusing occupation. It is a combination of ditch-digging, mountain-climbing, treadmill, and childbirth. . . . But amusing? Never!"

It is a neat plan that nature has—that of limiting in very small children and very old people the capacity to experience extreme emotional pain."

If one must build bricks without straw or die, one contrives, somehow, to build bricks without straw.

"Your real tub-thumper is a bore; and if a bore is windy enough and repetitious enough, he is usually mistaken for a brainy fellow."

"I've never seen a really dimensional or important

human being who was indifferent to good food and its preparation."

AMONGST THOSE IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE: THE HON. MRS. EDWARD WYNDHAM AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS MARY WYNDHAM

RACING UP NORTH: YORK SPRING MEETING



MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE WITH MRS. STIRLING-STEWART AND LADY MOUNT-



LADY FEVERSHAM AND MAJOR GORDON FOSTER, BOTH FROM THE SINNINGTON COUNTRY



LADY JANE SCROPE AND MR. SCROPE HER BROTHER-IN-LAW



LADY CHESTERFIELD, MISS LYCETT-GREEN, AND MISS GRANT LAWSON



THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT AND MISS MARY COMPTON

It is always rather trite to say about any Yorkshire gathering that may have to do with a horse, that all Yorkshire within reach goes to it. It was, of course, true of this day at the spring meeting, as even these few pictures will bear witness. Favourites rolled home practically all through the card, including one bred by H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor—Sir Henry Lyons' "Lightship." Hunting Yorkshire (and hunting elsewhere) was in force. Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, is the Meynell joint-Master's wife, and Mrs. Stirling-Stewart has a Meynell connection, as she is a daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Lord. Lord Mountgarret, whose wife is with them, is an ex-Master of the York and Ainsty (North). Lady Feversham and Major Gordon Foster are both Sinnington, wife of a former joint-Master and the other also a former joint-Master. Lady Jane Scrope is Lord and Lady Ellesmere's second daughter and wife of Mr. Ladislas Scrope. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Wyndham, seen above with daughter, is a sister-in-law of that famous M.F.H., Lord Leconfield. Lady Chesterfield is Dorset, but both her companions are Yorkshire to the backbone, and so is Mr. Christopher Beckett, son and heir of Lord Grimthorpe, M.F.H. (Middleton)

CONCERNING GOLF :: HENRY LONGHURST

MUST have been asked a hundred times: "Which is the best course in Great Britain?" "Which is the best course you've ever played on?" The answer to the second question has always received the unhesitating reply —Pine Valley. On the first I have generally been wise enough not to answer, except with a compromise. Carnoustie, as it played during the Open Championship of the year before last, was the most merciless test I ever encountered: I played round it from the championship tees just before the Open officially began, and was so tired at the end that I failed to see how anyone but a superman could get round it six times in five days. Hoylake, for the Open immediately before that, was almost as severe, the long trudges back through the sandhills to the special tees being as tedious to the mind as to the body. Taken all in all, I am inclined to think that the new course at Addington is as good as anything we have inland in this country, except in mid-summer, when the ball runs so far as to make the whole thing faintly ridiculous. Sentimental affection sways my opinion of Mildenhall, so let us say merely that it is the best nine-holes course in the world. Bramshot I should rank very high as a general entertainment as well as (overburdened expres-

sion!) a grand test of golf. Saunton when the wild flowers are out; Gullane No. 1 under a blue sky with the plovers nesting; Turnberry's course with the lighthouse glisten-ing in the sun and the gannets diving off shore; the glorious isolation of Machrihanishthey all bring back moments that I hope one day to live again. But I think the answer to both the questions I have quoted must now be "Royal St. Georges, Sandwich, as it played in the Gold Vase tourna-ment last week."

The wind blew half a gale, but the sun shone, the wellknown larks sang lustily as ever, and it was not too cold to play in a pull-over. The wind, for those who know their Sandwich, was dead against for the drive at the 5th hole. It is many years since I remember playing a course with three thoroughly genthree - shot uine But what holes. fun it was, and how it brought back to one's mind glories that have departed from golf

in direct ratio to successive "improvements" in the ball! The professional and younger amateur of to-day takes it almost as an insult if he is expected to make a long carry over a cross hazard with his drive: for myself I loved to be doing it again, slogging over the ramparts against the wind.

At the 5th and 13th some of the shorter players were unable to reach the fairway at all, so they said, while the third shot to the 7th needed a pretty big iron. The greens were in lovely order, and, though I personally must have missed about a dozen putts of eight feet and under during the day, I could not find the vestige of an excuse for any one of them. So far as I could see, there was only one simple stroke in eighteen holes, and that was the down-wind drive to the 17th. In these days the problems of golf are often reduced to the mere question of which club to take, the shot being roughly the same with all of them-but what a difference at St. George's! Every stroke presented an individual problem, and every shot successfully accomplished yielded its due measure of satisfaction. The tournament is played, as doubtless you know, from special tees, farther back in some cases than those habitually used for the Open, and on this occasion the tee-boxes had been removed and the teeing grounds for the day were marked simply with little red posts. For some months I have campaigned mildly for the total abolition of all forms of tee-box, with their derelict sand and their inevitable litter of cigarette packets and refuse of every description. Here was my case proved. Not a soul was incon-

L.B. MARTIN.

"I mustn't forget to tell the wife of our exciting finish at the 18th"

venienced, not a soul commented on the absence of the tee-boxes, and a good many, I'll warrant, failed to notice that they had gone. Let them never come back. Oh, and in this connection let me record with appreciation that in the Golf Illustrated Gold Vase tournament, at West Sussex earlier in the week, they provided about a couple of dozen peg-tees on each tee. Other clubs please copy. The winner of this event, with whom I had the good fortune to be play-ing, was Sam Roberts, an international hockey player and golfer, from Prestatyn, who has more than once been champion of Wales. Pulborough is not long, but it's perilously narrow, and his score of 143 speaks for itself. Andrew Mc-Nair won the St. George's Vase, presumably playing himself automatically back into the Scottish national team, but his score of 153—five clear shots ahead of the field — cannot be appreciated unless

the conditions have been described. Eleven strokes higher than Frank Pennink's record score last year, it was a grand performance—one with which Jones at his best would probably have been well satisfied. He was the only player to break 80 twice in the day.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE PAPER TRADE GOLFING SOCIETY DINNER-BY "MEL"

This dinner of a golfing community composed of those who supply the means by which the country is enabled to have the printed word upon such excellent surfaces, was held recently at the Piccadilly Hotel. Other more convivial motives apart, the object was to hold a selling sweep upon the Society's spring tournament at Sunningdale, and it is good to learn that it filled well. The Captain of the Society, Mr. F. L. T. Barlow, was in the chair, and the guest of honour was, most appropriately, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frank Bowater, who made a very happy speech. Sir Dykes Spicer, the President of the Society, is another great pillar of the "paper" world, and is assistant managing director of Spicers, Ltd. There were about a hundred and thirty people at this feast

AT MARKET RASEN: MISS ROSEMARY RANSOM LEADING IN "OI," WITH J. ATKIN UP

RACING AT MARKET RASEN AND CHEPSTOW



LADY LONDESBOROUGH AND MRS. HUGH PEACOCK, TWO ARDENT RACEGOERS



Photos.: Howard Barrett
MR. POSKITT'S "KILNAGLORY," MR. P.
VAUX UP, BEING LED IN BY HIS WIFE



MR. AND MRS. KENNETH DAVIES AND MRS. R. L. PRESTON AT THE CHEPSTOW SPRING MEETING



AS WERE EVAN WILLIAMS AND THE WELL-KNOWN OWNER, MR. MASTERS



"WE MUST FIND A WINNER": LADY CRAWLEY-BOEVEY,
MRS. JOHN PATERSON AND M. BORSZEMENYI

Those racegoers who have been familiar with this Lincolnshire meeting at Market Rasen over some years, will note with interest how the class of competitor continues to improve. At their recent meeting, excepting in the second race, fields were very good. Mr. R. K. Poskitt, for whose wife see photograph No. 3, brought off a very nice double with his "Circus Boy," in the Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, and "Kilnaglory," in the Amateur Riders' Hurdle Race; both these horses were trained by Easterby at Malton. "Oi," owned by Mr. W. F. Ransom, won by a short head from Mrs. R. Taylor's "Barrage," and is seen being led in by his young daughter. Mrs. Hugh Peacock's husband had a horse running in the last race, but unfortunately it was down the course. At Chepstow Spring Meeting favourites had a day out, and to make any money people had to buy it. Mr. A. Masters won the Mountain Ash Plate with "Time Bomb," trained by Evan Williams, who has just taken up the game. He rode "Royal Mail" to victory in the 1937 Grand National. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Davies and Mrs. R. L. Preston, whose husband is in the Coldstream, flew down from London in Mr. Davies's private 'plane. Mrs. John Paterson, as usual looking very smart, was, together with her hostess, Lady Crawley-Boevey, trying very hard to pick a winner. Let us hope the cotton-spinners are soaring



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ALPHONSE
DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY

FRIENDS OF THE POOR BALL-LAST WEEK



CAPTAIN ALEX BARCLAY WITH THE BARONESS REITZES



LADY URSULA MANNERS AND THE HON. WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME



LADY MARY GREAVES AND MR. A. BLOIS



MISS BRIDGET SMILEY AND MR. DAVID SMILEY



THE HON. NIALL CHAPLIN AND MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW



THE HON. AVA BAIRD AND MR. "DOOCHIE" MACGREGOR

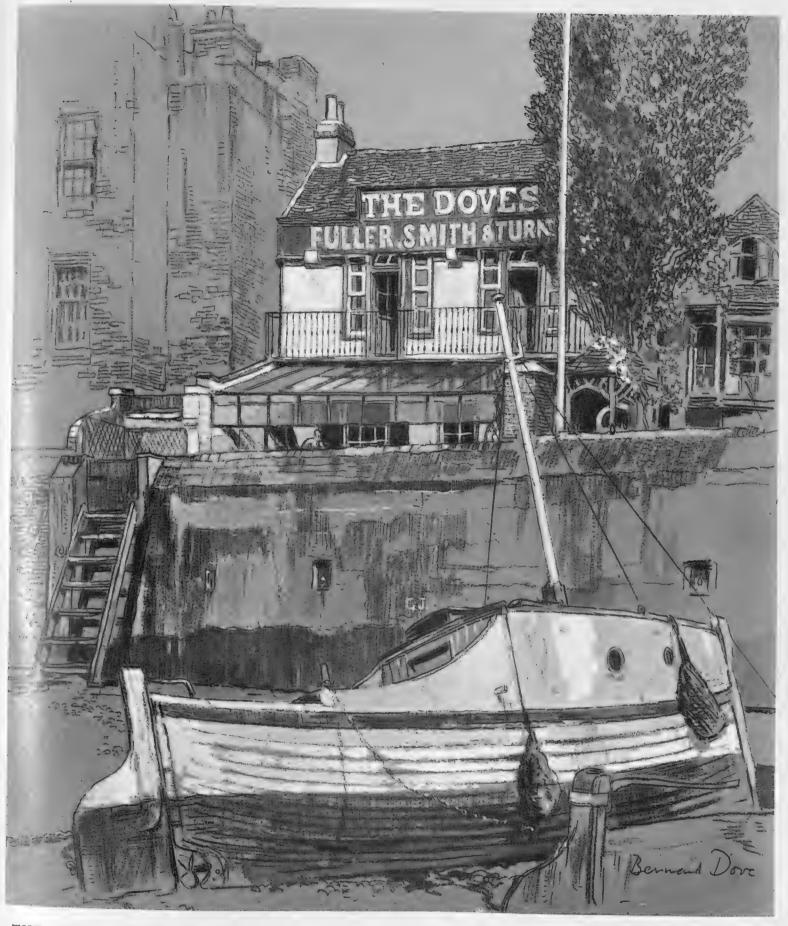
Mrs. Francis Abel Smith kindly lent 53, Princes Gate for this ball, of which the patrons were the King and Queen and Queen Mary, and the President the Princess Marie Louise. The Duchess of Rutland, the Chairman, received the guests, and gave a dinner-party before the ball, as did many other people. Lady Carisbrooke, the President, was amongst these, and her only child, Lady Iris Mountbatten, is in one of the many pictures on this page and was snapshotted having a bit of supper with pretty Miss Sonia Converse. Everyone on the committee and also off it worked very hard to make a big success of things and brought it off most admirably. The Duchess of Rutland's daughter, Lady Ursula Manners, one of the helpers, is seen dancing with the young actor who was in that successful and amusing play Plan For a Hostess

The fine work done by The Friends of the Poor is known to everyone, and is deserving of the support of all of us. The address is 40-42, Ebury Street



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MISS SONIA CONVERSE

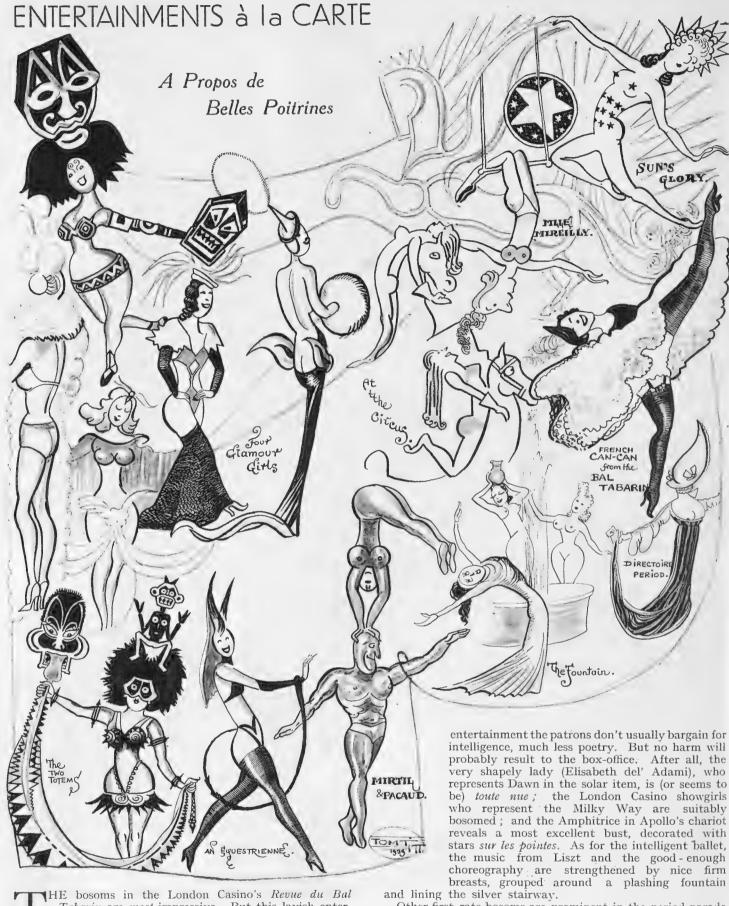
No. 1978, MAY 24, 1939]



THE DOVES, HAMMERSMITH MALL, SKETCHED FROM THE RIVER BY BERNARD DOVE

For over 500 years this little riverside tavern has been the haunt of artists and writers. William Morris, Turner, and later Frank Brangwyn were frequent visitors, the latter two making many sketches of the river from the inn. Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele were among the many great penmen of the past to patronise it. James Thomson (1700-1748) wrote "Winter," the first section of his famous poem, "The Seasons," here on one of the tables. Two centuries ago it was by far the most popular of the coffee-houses around London. The inn contains much fine old timber and two Adam fireplaces, and is very little altered from its original state

[No. 1978, MAY 24, 1939



HE bosoms in the London Casino's Revue du Bal Tabarin are most impressive. But this lavish entertainment, beyond the physiological décor necessary to shows in places where they dine, sup and dance during the entr'actes, also contains some wit. Mr. Steve Geray may not be a heaven-sent compère, but he is remarkably acute when he does That Man with the forelock making a speech in German gibberish, and That Other with the jaw doing one in synthetic Italian. The show also contains a degree of intelligence, notably in the ballet-pattern called "Musique." One gorgeous item, "Sun's Glory," based more or less on a poem by Rostand, even verges on the highbrow. With this sort of

Other first-rate bosoms are prominent in the period-parade called "Former Splendour," which happens in a crystal château and ranges from Louis Quatorze to Napoleonic years represented by Merveilleuses in neo-classic but transparent robes. The Louis Quinze section, by the way, features some alluring young women whom the programme calls "The Abbeys." I examined them to find whatever might recall famous Abbeys: Fontainebleau, Périgord, Narbonne? Or, preferably, the Abbey of Thélème of Father Rabelais, with its motto Fay ce que voudras—do as you darned well please. But the elegant structures of the young women, embellished



THE TATLER [No. 1978, MAY 24, 1939

MARION DANIELS DANCES IN "UN VRAI PARADIS," AT THE TABARIN

This glamorous American dancer is one of the many dazzling attractions in that super Tabarin show, Un Vrai Paradis, which is drawing not only all Paris but most of England also. Before her present contract with the Bal Tabarin Marion Daniels danced in Munich, where she held the Führer quite spell-bound—and to be able to do that is something of an achievement

RÈS CHER—A very touching little ceremony took place on a morning-noon of last week when a memorial plaque bearing Argentina's name, was placed on the door of one of the rooms at Pont-aux-Dames. This maison de retraite des comédiens (and "comedian" does not mean in French, what it has come to mean in English) was founded in 1899 by Constant Coquelin. (The "comedians," or musical-hall artists, have their own establishment, founded at a later date by Dranam, at Ris-Orangis.) Since their foundation, many old stagers, reduced to poverty by ill luck or their own improvidence, have ended their lives at these havens. Pont-aux-Dames is a lovely place with a big garden, a bigger kitchengarden that supplies all the vegetables needed, and a still bigger park. A stream flows at the bottom of the meadows beyond the park, and there is a lake where the older members of the community may play at second childhood and catch tiddlers. There is "live-stock" in the outhouses, and backgammon in the living-room:.. Everything, in short, to make a peaceful heart contented.

I loathe visiting "institutions" as a rule. There is something so abominably "Paul Pry-ish" in "going over" homes to which one has not received a personal invitation by the inmates thereof. On this occasion, however, we were not required to admire the pensionnaires' private quarters, excepting the room—an empty one—now bearing Argentina's name. There is nothing of the charitable institution about Pont-aux-Dames. The inmates go and come as they wish. The married couples can furnish their room with what furniture and souvenirs they may possess. In the dining-room they can sit at the big table and be "soshable" if the spirit moves them, or, if they are moody—or merely disinclined to talk—they can sit apart at little tables. About twenty of us came down from Paris for this event, and, belonging to the little band known as "les amis d'Argentina," we had clubbed

Priscilla in Paris

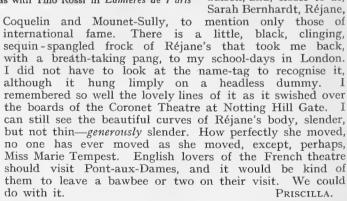
together to make up the wherewithal for the endowment of the room in the great dancer's memory, the two most generous donators being her brother, M. José-Luis Mercé, and Robert Ochs, whom she so dearly loved.

Mme. Colette was with us also, and since no one has ever written, or will ever write about the stage as Mme. Colette writes, you can imagine the excitement amongst those old people who were once members of "the Profession." Such dear old people, just like any other Grannies and Grandads except, perhaps, a shade more pink on the crinkled cheeks of the women, and a good deal more gold in their hair. The men, too, were more sprucely shaven than most old gentlemen, and backbones were certainly stiffer. Nobody wore slippers, which is surely, you will agree, the acme of smartness for those who no longer play an active rôle in life. They all, even the very oldest, had "presence," and one felt that the rippling, crash-

ing sound of applause still echoed in their hearts. Mme. Colette's husband, Maurice Goudeket, who has come, later in life than most men, to authorship, and who is making an enviable name for himself with his short storiesyou should read them in "Candide" and "Marie-Claire"—was there also; and Victor Boucher and Fernand Francell and Georges Wague, and it was heart-warming to see how these famous people give their time, as well money, to help their less lucky comrades. I refuse to say "less talented," since no one knows what might have been if life had been

There was a luncheon, and short speeches, during which the inevitable "mike" played its usual part, and Mme. Colette got writer's cramp giving autographs. There was also a moving half-hour spent in the museum, where there are souvenirs of Talma, Rachel, and Salson, and, closer to us, Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane,







LADY ROSE PAGET: THREE RECENT PORTRAIT-STUDIES

Photos.: Harlip, New Bond Street

The above three poses are of recent origin, and are each and all as successful photographically as they are artistically. Lady Rose Paget, one of the five lovely daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, disappointed many people when she did not proceed to develop a gift which she unquestionably possesses, dancing. She made a few appearances with the Vic-Wells Ballet, and she still dances, but the professional ballet believed that it was about to enrol a very valuable and talented recruit. Lady Rose Paget's mother is the former Lady Victoria Manners and the eldest sister of the present Duke of Rutland, and artistic talent runs in the family. The late Duchess of Rutland was an extremely good artist, and Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Anglesey's youngest sister, has won fame on the professional stage

TIDWORTH NIGHT OUT: THE POLO BALL



MAJOR H. B. NORCOTT AND MRS. ALEX ALLAN LOOKING RATHER CRITICAL



CAPTAIN M. N. E. MACMULLEN AND MISS HENRIETTE CLIFFORD

BELOW: MRS. HODGSON, MISS FINOLA FITZGERALD AND MAJOR HUGGINS



MISSES DOROTHY AND "PADDY" HEWITT, LIEUT. A. I. INGRAM, R.N., AND MR. ROGER BURDEN



LT.-COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND AND MISS S. WRIGHT

The Tidworth Polo Club Ball, which had the Officers' Club, Tidworth, as its setting, was very good fun and excellently run. Pretty girls showed up well, amongst them being Miss Henriette Clifford, from Frampton Court, in Gloucestershire, who had a dance or two with Captain M. N. E. Macmullen, 10th Hussars, and a member of their polo team. Lord George



CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE HON. MRS. DEREK ALLHUSEN



MAJOR AND MRS. GORE TALKING TO MAJOR BOSVILE (CENTRE)

ON LEFT: LORD AND LADY GEORGE SCOTT

Montagu-Douglas-Scott is also in the 10th. His kinsman, Captain J. H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Secretary of the Tidworth Polo Club, is in the 9th Lancers and played for them when they recently won General Heydeman's Cup. The Hon. Mrs. Allhusen, Lord Rushcliffe's daughter, is 9th Lancers by marriage. Major H. B. Norcott and Major T. J. B. Bosvile are both Rifle Brigade. Soldiers have next to no time for games these days, but polo is still in the picture, as it only takes an hour

No. 1978, May 24, 1939] THE TATLER





LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD FORESTER, THE BLUES

LADY FORESTER AND DAUGHTERS

Lord and Lady Forester and family lately had a date with the camera. Here are the happy results. The Hon. Christine Helena and the Hon. Juliet Mary Weld-Forester took it all smilingly, and no complaints were registered by their young brother. The latter, who was born on February 20, 1938, and christened George Cecil Brooke, is a godson of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Lord and Lady Forester were married at St. Margaret's in the summer of 1931. She, charming and easy to look at, is the elder daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and of Lady Perrott, of Withypool Grange, Somerset; he, keen fox-hunter, good shot and conscientious Squire of Willey Park, in Shropshire, com-mands The Blues



Photographs: Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane LADY FORESTER WITH THE SON OF THE HOUSE



OLD HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF KERSEY, SUFFOLK



THE RIVER GADE AT WATER END, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

ENGL

When I have borne tamed Great Nations, how end

When men change su desert The 'student's bower for

named I had, my Country ...

Now, when I think of the Verily, in the bottom of Of those unfilial fears For dearly must we pi In thee a bulwark for h And I by my affection a What wonder if a Post Among the many moren Felt for thee as a love i

THE TATLER



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.
THE CHURCH AND SWAN INN, NOSS VILLAGE, NEAR NEWTON FERRERS, DEVON



AND

n memory what has obling thoughts depart ands for ledgers, and

gold, some fears un-

am I to be blamed?

e, and what thou art,
my heart,
am ashamed.

e thee; we who find
e cause of men;
as beguiled:
now and then,
ents of his mind,
or a child!

WORDSWORTH: 1803)

A. Vincent Bibbings

BUCKLAND IN THE MOOR, NEAR ASHBURTON, DEVON

HOW NOW IN THE PICTURE WORLD



JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL DRESSED UP FOR A PALM SPRINGS PARTY





MARION MARTIN, FROM BROADWAY



LORETTA YOUNG, DON AMECHE AND SONJA HENIE LUNCH IN THE TRAIN

This happy page will help you to keep up with recent film activities. Many Londoners will already have had a look at Billie Burke, Oliver Hardy, and Jean Parker in Elephants Never Forget, for this Hal Roach-United Artists costume comedy had its European première last week at the London Pavilion. Hardy plays genial Dr. Tibbitt, into whose uneventful small-town life comes a performing elephant, with startling results. Charming English Billie Burke (Mrs. Tibbitt in the picture) is the widow of that unforgettable personality, Florenz Ziegfeld, king of showmen. Marion Martin, Broadway's best-known show girl, came to Hollywood only a short time ago, and is at present working in Paramount's Invitation to Happiness. The explanation of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in pierrot get-up was a Big Top Ball held at Palm Springs during a recent "Wild West" week. The highly informal picture of Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Sonja Henie shows them 'Frisco bound—for the pre-view of a Twentieth Century-Fox film dealing with the life-story of Graham Bell (played by Don Ameche), inventor of the telephone.

AT LADY CURRE'S HUNT BALL



MR. SIMON SCROPE, MAJOR MOSTYN LLEWELLIN AND MISS C. M. WELD



TRIPPIN' IT: MR. P. CLAY AND MISS ELIZABETH DALGLISH

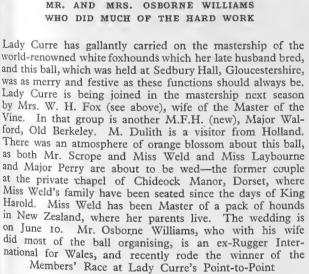


HELD IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

MR. DESMOND LYSAGHT, MRS. RENWICK-MARDON AND MR. L. LYSAGHT



MR. AND MRS. OSBORNE WILLIAMS





M. HANS DULITH, MAJOR J. H. WALFORD, M:F.H., AND MRS. W. H. 'FOX



BETROTHED: MISS ELIZABETH LAYBOURNE AND MAJOR H. M. ST. M. PERRY, R.A.



MAJOR E. NEWCOMBE, MR. AND MRS. MILNE, LIEUT .- COL. NIGEL FARGUS (FIELD MASTER), MRS. NEWCOMBE, MRS. FARGUS, AND MAJOR AND MRS. MOSTYN LLEWELLIN



CYRIL MAUDE TURNS PAINTER-IN MR. E. E. MORGAN'S STUDIO (TORQUAY)

The famous actor only decided to become an artist in April 1938 and be elected for pastel under the eye of Mr. E. E. Morgan, who is a very well-known miniature-painter. He is a brother of Sir Herbert Morgan. He is seen at the back of the picture in a white smock, and the man in the window is Mr. H. Musgrave, Hon. Sec. Devon Art Society, of which Cyril Maude is President. Colonel MacGeorge (second from left) was in the Indian Army, and Miss Barber (second from right) is a distinguished miniature-painter. The complete list of names in the picture is: Mr. E. E. Morgan, Miss Maud Morgan (sister), Mr. H. Musgrave, Miss Vicars, Miss E. T. Hassard, Mrs. Earp, Mrs. Ducket, Mr. Tracy, Miss Barber, Miss Hope, Colonel MacGeorge, Mr. G. F. Pennington and Cyril Maude

S this appears round and about Derby Day, I wonder why anyone thinks that Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter is not bred to stay. There is only one possible short-distance spot in the pedigree—Roi Herode, sire of The Tetrarch—but even that has not been proven to be only short distance. If he is beaten, wherever they finish, I think Hypnotist might be the agency.

London has been assured that she need not be afraid of an air attack, no matter how formidable it may be. This has not been said to calm the nerves of the populace, because so many of us think that there is more behind it than meets the eye. London is not afflicted with nerves, anyway. Any precautions

Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

which are being taken, such as the evacuation measures, are merely common prudence and designed to clear the decks of non-combatants, who might possibly interfere with what is known as the fire discipline. The less there is to defend, the better for the defenders.

Whilst everybody who has ever experienced bombardment from the air has all the reason in the world to want no more

of it, I suggest that it is far more alarming than it is dangerous, and that it can never be decisive. For instance, even if an enemy laid London out stone-cold it would not win him the war. London, incidentally, will take a bit of laying-out, as anyone who tries it on will discover greatly to his cost. But for the sake of argument, let us suppose that the enemy thinks he can bring it off. The Spanish civil war lasted a bit over three years: the winning side had an air supremacy all the way through, and I should think we might put it at 10 to 1 and still be quite conservative. It was possibly more. The anti-aircraft defences of Madrid and Barcelona, to take two leading cases, were insignificant: not many 'planes, and not much better where guns were concerned. Neither of these places capitulated because of air attack; neither was completely destroyed by air attack. Is not





The day they met at Beard Mill, Ducklington, Oxfordshire, and in the picture are the most efficient and very popular Master, Mr. W. R. Uthwatt, Captain M. H. S. Last, who was in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry; Mr. R. Moore-Stevens, and Mrs. Last



THE SWALLOWS IN THE COLTS CUP

This side was beaten quite decisively in the final of the Colts Cup at Ranelagh by Edmundsbury, Captain A. H. Barclay's team, by 10 to 3. The people in the team are Major Philip Magor, Major J. M. Graham, Mr. M. J. Lindsay, and Mr. C. J. Donada, who skippers the side

this a rather useful bit of collateral form? Is London like either Madrid or Barcelona?

There is a further point: are people safer inside or outside the perimeter of defence in London, or any of our other big cities, at some of which the defences are superior to those of London? Under modern conditions aircraft will be compelled to attack at a height of about roughly 20,000 ft., and if they desire to be completely out of range, at a greater height than that. In such conditions, hits on the target must be on the blind-firing principle. Accuracy can only be hoped for in an attack from a much shorter range, and at which, in fact, the probability of heavy casualties to the attack becomes a certainty. No attacking force, however formidable, can afford decimating losses.

Major-General C. A. Heydeman, a former Queen's Bay, who has just vacated command of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth to take over the Presidency and Assam District in India, which is really a Divisional command, will find that, although it is normally an infantry unit so far as regular troops are concerned, there are irregulars who are of the species to which General Heydeman is most accustomed. All the cavalry in his late command are now on wheels; all the mounted troops in his new one are on horses. And he will find these Light Horse and mounted infantry regiments pretty good and extra well mounted. Totting them up as well as I can remember, the mounted Indian Defence

Force troops in this command are the Calcutta Light Horse, who always have been very useful, a hard-riding lot of chaps who have a long list of successes between the flags and pig-sticking, and so forth to their credit; the Assam Valley Light Horse and the Sama Valley L.H., both manned by tea-planters and very good indeed in the days when I used to know of them; the Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles—almost entirely Darjeeling and District tea-planters, and, as I remember them, very good musketry—drill and ride quite adequate to the job for which they are generally needed: preservation of internal order and dealing with riots that have got a bit too hot and too heavy for the police. I am sure that there are one or two more, but I cannot recall them at the moment. For information of the



H.E. SIR PERCY LORAINE AND HIS STAFF IN ROME

A group taken recently in the Embassy garden just before our newly-appointed Ambassador presented his letters of credence to H.M. the King of Italy and Albania and Emperor of Ethiopia. Sir Percy Loraine is in the centre of the front row

The others in the picture are the Counsellor, Sir Noel Charles; the Naval Attaché, Captain Sir Philip Bowyer-Smyth, R.N.; the Military Attaché, Colonel M. B. Burrows; the Air Attaché, Colonel C. E. H. Medherst; the Commercial Counsellor, Mr. R. L. Nosworthy; Acting First Secretary, Mr. P. J. Dixon; Second Secretary, Mr. P. F. Grey; Assistant Military Attaché, Major A. R. Barter; Conte Cesare Giriodi and Mr. R. P. F. Edwards

new G.O.C.—they are all pretty useful, full of enthusiasm, and, above all, fine nurseries for officers in an emergency. This they proved in the last war. They will do it again in the next.

The Calcutta Light Horse have a pretty long pedigree, for their tap-root is the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, a unit raised at the time of the Indian Mutiny, in which the regiment did good service. When more peaceful times came they were turned into Lancers, and bore the title of the Calcutta Lancers, a very decorative unit, which in the end suffered from suspended animation, but was eventually resuscitated as the Calcutta Mounted Rifles. They went on that way for a bit till the Russian scare of about 1885, when the armies of the Great Bear were reported (Continued on page xx)





Taken before the battle at Ranelagh, which this team won by 10 to 3 (for vanquished see opposite page, and for another picture the polo page in this issue). The team consists of Mr. R. O. Critchley, Mr. G. H. Critchley, Mr. J. B. Traill and Captain A. H. Barclay (the skipper)



Truman Howell

AT THE CROOME PUPPY SHOW
A group taken at the kennels, Severn Stoke, the day the future foxhounds

were on parade

Included in the picture are Lady Coventry, wife of the M.F.H.; Lady Anne Coventry, eldest daughter; Mrs. W. W. B. Scott, wife of the North Cotswolds Master; Mr. Miles Bellville, M.F.H. (Clifton-on-Teme); Miss Daphne Moore and Miss Stapleton-Martin



MARY HINTON, JILL FURSE, AND ERIC PORTMAN IN "THE INTRUDER "

François Mauriac's Asmodée which was first put on at the Gate Theatre, is now yndham's under the title of The at Wyndham's under the title of The Intruder. The theme of the story is a very old one—that of the unrequited love of a middle-aged woman for a youth. Eric Portman played the tutor brilliantly, but apparently the mentally-deficient first-night audience could not understand the plot, and tittered in the wrong places. Mary Hinton is again in the cast, and her performance of Madame is of the very best, as also is that of Jill Furse as Emmanuele

HEY had had a great night out and were well and truly "oiled" when Jim drove the car home-Needless to say, he wards. didn't notice a newly-dug drain across the road, and drove into it at considerable speed. There was a good bump and Jim's chin met the steering-wheel smartly.

He got out and stood weakly leaning against the car. The red carnation in his buttonhole fell to the ground, and he gave a

horrified yell.
"Good Heavens, Bill! I've bit my darned tongue off!"

An attendant in a mental home came across one of the patients very industriously fishing in a wash-basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humour the man, the attendant asked if he had

caught anything.
"What!" cried the patient, "in a wash-basin! Are you crazy?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Sandy arrived at Euston when noon was striking. He called a taxi, asked the driver to take him to Waterloo, mentioning that he had a train to catch at three o'clock.

Thinking that he had got a greenhorn for a fare, the taxidriver made a long detour, and for nearly three hours Sandy sat back and enjoyed the sights of London.

Then the taxi drew up at Waterloo, the driver all smiles. Sandy hopped out and darted up to a policeman who stood

"What is the fare from Euston to Waterloo?" he asked.
The policeman told him. Sandy handed him the money.
"Would you mind paying the driver, officer?" he said;
"I've a train to catch." Then he dived into the station.

A small boy went into a shop and asked for a pound of ochre.

"Do you mean red ochre?" said the shopkeeper.
"No," replied the lad, "tappy ochre."

A lady entered the railway compartment and seated herself by the side of a salesman. After a while the traveller said, politely:

"Excuse me, madam, but---"

"If you speak or annoy me I'll pull the communication cord," snapped the lady.

Whenever the poor man attempted to speak the lady made a

move to the alarm. At last the train slowed up at a station and the traveller rose

to his feet.
"I don't whether you like it or not," he said, "but I want that bag of strawberries you've been sitting on for the last ten miles."

The fat man decided to try golf. Armed with four golf clubs, a ball, and a caddie, he marched off to the links.

The caddie placed the ball upon the tee. Then, with a terrific swing, the fat man whirled his club through the air. But the little white ball remained on its tee, while the club, meeting mother earth, broke into splinters.

The second, third and fourth clubs shared the fate of the first.

"What would you do now?" asked the golfer, turning in desperation to the caddie.

Holding out the empty bag, the youngster replied:

"Don't give in! Hit it with this!"

"Will you guaran-tee the up-holstery of this?" demanded the pro-

spective purchaser. "Madam," replied the salesman, "the proof of the padding is in the seating."



BARBARA STANWYCK WITH-ROBERT TAYLOR AT A HOLLYWOOD RACE MEETING

This arresting picture was taken before their romantic elopement to San Diego, where they were married at the home of Mr. Thomas Whalen, a former District Attorney with Zeppo Marx, of the Marx Brothers, and Louis B. Mayer as witnesses. We wish them the best of luck. Robert Taylor's most recent appearance in films was with Myrna Loy in Lucky Night, but it is said that he will be seen shortly in North-West Passage, playing opposite Margaret Sullavan

ш

WAKE UP AND PLAN...

What fun! A new day ahead of her — she's ready for it. Or at least she will be after her Elizabeth Arden morning routine. For like most women past the early rosebud age, she's no great beauty at dawn or thereabouts. But she has learned how to make the best of her good features, how to dissemble her bad ones, and most of all, she has learnt the importance of personal distinction. For she is a very definite personality, wise, witty, sophisticated, and has learned the art of making life a gay and gracious picture into which she always fits with charm and poise. Today will be a busy one. But first . . .

SHE GOES TO ELIZABETH ARDEN ...

Part of the fun is looking this way even while being made beautiful. She hasn't missed her weekly Elizabeth Arden visit since the day of her coming out party. Sometimes it includes an Intra-cellular Mask Treatment — grand for that after-the-winter feeling. Always before Ascot she has a Firmo-lift; and when she feels the need of looking especially glamorous, she has a Velva Mask. But today she'll just have the regular hour's treatment which includes, heaven knows, enough to give even the most prosaic of women a romantic look. Cleansing, patting, moulding and . . .

PUTTING ON THE GLAMOUR...

The Elizabeth Arden make-up of course. And she can do it for herself now at home having learned all the little tricks at the Elizabeth Arden Salon. Learned them from her particular "assistant" to whom she always goes, who has studied her face, her type, and her temperament, her background and her taste in clothes. At Elizabeth Arden's they take all these factors into consideration, knowing as they do that the smart woman, the one with a real "fashion sense" in manners as well as modes, is at heart an actress. Thinking of her make-up and her clothes together as expressive of her role in life. Using both as a background for . . .

HERSELF - VERY MUCH A PERSON ...

This is the year — and this is the season — of the romantic, ultra-feminine hat. It's in natural straw — the model she has chosen today — its provocative tilt set off by a STOP RED quill. Indeed STOP RED — gay, vivid, arresting — is the colour-theme that dominates the composition. STOP RED lipstick, STOP RED nail varnish, special STOP RED make-up — The foundation is provided by Lille de France. Ardena and Bronze Japonica Powders combine to give her skin an exquisitely smooth and uniform surface. Eye Shadow completes the masterpiece — gives a touch of drama to lovely features. How different from the woman who woke this morning — but how much herself — how quietly confident of the effect she produces!



THE TATLER [No. 1978, MAY 24, 1939

Stuget

MARRIED DAVIS CUP PLAYERS

Neil Edwards, singles champion of New Zealand, and his wife and (right) Ronald Shayes and his. Both these couples were married last summer, the Edwards in New Zealand, and the English Davis Cup player, secretly during Wimbledon, to Miss Queenie Hargreaves. The same to Miss Queeme Hargreaves. I he same team chosen for the narrowly won tie against New Zealand (C. E. Hare, R. Shayes, F. H. D. Wilde and L. Shaffi) represents Great Britain in the next round—May 25, 26 and 27 at Wimbledon—opponents being the winners of the opponents being the winners of the France v. China contest. Neil Edwards, like Shaffi, stood down from the New Zealand v. Great Britain encounter

ET us start with some congratulations this week. What a good performance of Miss Valerie Scott to win the singles at Hurlingham, defeating in the final the holder, Miss Margot Lumb, who last year had a fine win over Miss Nancy Wynne, the Australian champion. Which shows the measure of Miss Scott's advance this year, as compared, I am afraid, with the retrogression of Miss Lumb, whose great fighting qualities have never been sufficient, in my opinion, to

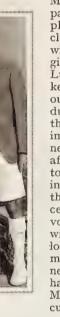
compensate for her extremely limited stroke repertoire. Miss Lumb's backhand has always yielded under pressure, and now that her self-confidence, in the past her greatest asset, has had so many rebuffs early this season—she was defeated in straight sets by Miss Nicoll at Melbury, and again in straight sets by Mrs. Ellis at Bournemouth—it looks to me as though it will be impossible for her to reach the degree of supremacy in the tennis world that she has undoubtedly achieved in the squash court. However, there is still the grass season to come, and a couple of good wins over players of real class might send up her stock again; but, personally, if I were invited to take a ticket in a sweepstake for the winner of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon, the only two candidates that I should desire to pick would be Kay Stammers and Mrs. Little. The latter choice may seem rather surprising, but I have a curious sort of feeling that if only Dorothy Little can survive the first two rounds, played out, perhaps, on distant courts, as she comes nearer the crowd, and finally to the very centre of it, to the very setting of her twice-crowned triumph, she may easily succeed in raising her game accordingly. That has happened before with other champions: both Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs have had some nervous, wobbly encounters before they reached—for them—the security and the sanctuary of the Centre Court, where, breathing an atmosphere that

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

was at once a challenge and an inspiration, they have confounded their critics and restored their own confidence.

That is the most important thing of all. It may seem a trite remark, I know, but how few people stop to analyse the part that one's subconsciousness plays on court. But if you did stop for a moment just to watch the different manner in which a player will return a service that is a fault, compared with a service that falls on the right side of the line, it would make you fully conscious of just how important it is in a match to be free of all inhibitions where your stroke production is concerned. Alice Marble is the freest player I have ever seen myself, and by many she is being tipped as the likeliest candidate for Mrs. Moody's crown, but it must not be forgotten that Kay Stammers has the memory of her victory over the Californian in the Wightman Cup match last year, to sustain her, and, in addition, the memory of her recent victory at Bournemouth, when, in the whole tournament, she did not lose a set. Miss Stammers, like Miss Lumb, is a "south-paw." But she has completely eradicated that



PLAYING THE GAME IN THE WEST INDIES

A group of enthusiasts at the Tennis Stadium, Hamilton, Bermuda, A group of enthusiasts at the Lennis Stadium, Hamilton, Bermuda, consisting of, from left, Mrs. Gray Robinson, her mother-in-law, Mrs. R. G. ("Annie B.") Robinson, Miss Elsie Gosling, Mr. Gray Robinson, popular and efficient Bermuda Lawn Tennis Hon. Sec., and two visitors from England, Miss Betty Hobson and Paymaster-Commander R. W. Moore, H.M.S. "Ajax." Mr. Gray Robinson's mother, Mrs. R. G. Robinson, whose hospitality is renowned, is a daughter of the late Sir Reginald Gray, one-time Speaker of Bermuda's House of Assembly. Miss Gosling belongs to another well-known Bermudian family

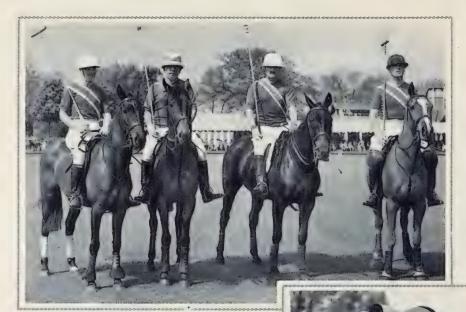
having seen the match myself. "Well, I knew what Peggy was doing wrong, though, of course, I didn't tell her till afterwards. And then I said: Peggy, you were showing your wrist to the ball, instead of bringing your wrist over it.

And Peggy said: 'I must look into that, I don't know who has been coaching Miss Valerie Scott, but she has certainly improved her ground strokes tremendously; so much so, that a casual observer, seeing her on one of her "good" days, would fail to understand why she loses to anyone, especially to some of the second-grade players, who can claim recent victories over her. The suggested explanation is a strange one, but one that I myself accept, and understand completely; because I have learnt one great lesson from life, and that is to be surprised by nothing. Miss Scott is a charming girl, typically English in her fair looks, her pleasant, friendly smile, her simple, sporting clothes. Cast true to type, you would envisualise her as captain of hockey at school: you would hardly plan for her the rôle of mystic visionary. Yet within her personality there is such a strong awareness of psychic powers that, when the mood of withdrawal is upon her, she will seem as remote from the rest of the players in a tournament as the moon from the earth, and will go on to court in a secret mood of exaltation, sensing that this is the propitious moment for her, and, in consequence, sweep on to victory. At other (Continued on page xVIII)

clumsiness on the back-hand wing that mars the other girl's game. I suppose Miss Lumb was too intent on keeping her squash crown out of Miss Noel's grasp during the winter, to have the time to concentrate on improving her tennis weaknesses; which is a pity, for, after all, time is valuable to her now. She is no longer in the filly class, any more than Miss Scriven, who has certainly improved her volleying a great deal this winter, even though she did lose a love set to Miss Stammers at Bournemouth. The next day, after the final, I happened to chance upon Mrs. Stammers, having a cup of tea in the buffet, and, approaching to congratulate her on her daughter's return to form, I asked how it was that Miss Scriven had been so severely routed. Now, Mrs. Stammers is a sound general and a shrewd tactician. So I waited attentively for her answer, not

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ADSDEAN WIN THEIR SECOND WHITNEY

This identical team won this identical cup last season, when they beat Cowdray by 8½ (rec. 3½) to 6, and the winners were the lowest handicapped side in the entry; only 17 goals all told. This year the contest petered out to two teams, and Adsdean beat the Juggernauts, who look rather like some other people we know, by 7 to 6. The names in the picture are (l. to r.) the Hon. M. R. Samuel, Mr. J. P. Robinson, Captain H. G. Morrison and Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N.

EV" MILBURN has said that, in his opinion, the English 1939 International team is the best he has ever seen. This would be very encouraging if he had not added, according to report: "but I think our team is even to report: "but I think our team is even better!" Milburn saw our 1914 team, which was the last one to win the Cup, and played against it, so he is in a better position to speak than anyone else, and his pronouncement is therefore very encouraging; but, personally, I do not know upon what public form he is basing his opinion. All these games in California against Mr. Wrightsman's "braves" have been very nice exercise gallops, out of which our people have come with credit, but it would be foolish to suggest that they have been anything more than that. "Dev" burn has probably seen them and has liked the way in which our final selection has moved, but to beat a side which is threequarters top class is not the same thing as to beat one that is four-quarters top class. It is nice to be told by such high authority that we have done well so far. Mr. Eric Pedley, who played for America in 1936, has endorsed Mr. Milburn's opinion, but I have not heard what he thinks about America's team.

 $R^{
m euter's}$ correspondent in Long Island—who, obviously, is very knowledgeable: he would not be what he is if he were not-said after the game we had with Roslyn on May II: "It is generally conceded here that Hurlingham has a great chance to recover the Cup." Our team, playing Mr. John Lakin (7) as No. 2 instead of Mr. Aidan Roark (8), won by 14 to 6. The game, it is stated, was not played with the throttle wide open, so I must repeat that I cannot see that the form can be labelled of much use. Our side's goal value was 30 and the side it beat was only 23. The losers were not exactly a three-legs-and-a-swinger side, but they were not first class right down to the heel. This was it: Ivor Balding (6), E. A. Hopping (6), E. T. Gerry (7), and J. Schiff (4). I should not like to bet on a gallop like this, especially when we are told that none of their heads was We have got to see our team put alongside something a lot hotter than it has met so far before it would be safe to say what Reuter's correspondent tells us some people in Long Island have said.

then Eric Tyrrell-Martin gets a bad bumper which might have ironed him out for keeps; then he narrowly misses having an eye knocked out in the match on the 11th in Long Island; then comes poor N. W. Leaf's death, which, I am told, did not come as (Contd. on p. ii)

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

It is now certain that America is going to play Mr. Tommy Hitchcock in her side. I am told this quite upon the best authority, and this in spite of Mr. Winston Guest being available. It would have been rather stupid if they had not dropped any little personal differences. To leave out a very big star would have been asking for it. The rest of the side may not see eye to eye with Tommy Hitchcock, but when the war trumpet blows little differences must be sunk. This, then, probably will be the U.S.A. team: Mr. Michael Phipps (10), No. 1; Mr. Cecil Smith (10), No. 2; Mr. Stewart Iglehart (10), No. 3; and Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, Jr. (10), back. I do not wonder at "Dev" Milburn saying what he did. Anyone who gets

saying what he did. Anyone who gets an eyeful of such a tough combination would be bound to say the same. Attention might be invited to this further fact: the front three are what they call in America "buddies," for they were the top end of the Old Westbury side which won the Open Championship in 1938 and also in 1937, and was rated the strongest ever to win it. This old acquaintance means so much, and with Tommy Hitchcock behind, in place of Mr. C. V. Whitney, a five-goal man, it is understandable when America's best judge says that he thinks that "America" is a bit better than we are.

Our side has not, so far, had any of the good luck that may be on offer. First, poor Pat Roark's death;



AT RANELAGH AT THE COLTS CUP FINAL Mrs. Alex Barclay, who gave away the cup to her husband's coming Edmundsbury team (see "Pictures in the Fire" page), with Mrs. Deacon, a sister-in-law of poor Major N. W. Leaf, and Captain Leslie Harris, late 9th Lancers, who refereed the final

Mr. Jack Robinson kindly puts it down for the benefit of the camera—after the victory in the Whitney Cup. Mr. Robinson has played the polo game all over the place—America, Argentina, and Jamaica, to mention some

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YOU DON'T DIVE BIG BOMBERS

By A. P. LUSCOMBE WHYTE

OU don't dive big bombers. Not like you do the fighters. The mosquito 'planes. You dive them. You find your road with the little black dots on it, and you push the stick forward and the wind screams and the black dots grow white tops, and you level out just above them, and the guns answer (eight in the wings) and the dots, the staring eyes and mouths, go down.

And then you zoom and turn and dive again, and see the

figures left over from last time, and waste a lot of ammunition on the live ones foolish enough to run across the fields.

And sometimes in the mess that night you excuse yourself and go outside and vomit and then return to drink "Damnation to the enemy." That is no game for gentlemen. Oh, no! For butchers and rabbit-shooting peasants, perhaps. Blood on the hands. They like it. But bombing—that is a gentleman's game. A lovely impersonal exercise, rather like the ones they set you a few years ago at university, but much more exciting-and clean.

The quarters near the aerodrome are very pleasant, really. For days at a time, while the mountains are clouded, there is little to do. There are lectures, of course. On the "wave" method of bombing. High explosive. Then incendiary. Then machine-gun. Drive the people inside: fire the houses above them: machine-gun those who fly to the fields. Neat!

And you play cards in the officers' mess and tell stories of good flights and sing and drink manzanilla and write home to Maria, saying how good a life it is and how you earn credit for your bombing and will be promoted, and how you will return home to your own country when this little practice war is won by our arms, and there will be a wedding and feasting and bambinos who will bring more credit. And you say that you love her.

And sometimes, when the sky is blue again, you bomb. Often you fly with young Pedro. He is only a pilot, because it is his country, and he knows well the bare hills and brown, poor earth and the meagre rivers; also because he is a fanatic, which is not a good quality for a bombing expert, who must be very cool and enjoy his work for itself.

"Pedro," you say to him sometimes, "why do you get so excited? Your side will win, because we have come to help you. But why trouble yourself? War is a game, the greatest in the world. In it man reaches his highest. Do not our great writers even the head of the Government, say so? It is human nature. In perpetual peace we should decay. Why be serious Enjoy yourself! Laugh!'

But Pedro will not laugh. He twists his thin brown face and stares out of his deep-set eyes and says: "I do not

fight for sport, like you, amigo, but because I would free my country from traitors and those who would destroy God. I hate war! I am a student and I wish to learn in peace. But more than war I hate the enemy! That is why I pilot you and your bombs. Not for sport."

Well, that is funny and a bit sad, eh? But as you walk with Pedro across to the 'plane you laugh with excitement and forget his nonsense. How beautiful she is! Sleek metal, with her two 700 horse-power motors and her wheels which tuck so neatly into her wings, and her lovely shape. Like a beautiful young girl. And in her what power and wrath she carries! The 500-pound bombs, black, slim, finned, tall as a

With one you can erase a whole city square, a ship, a bridge, a column of lorries. Nothing can live within a hundred metres when your lovely black eggs hatch out! In the cabin you lie down beside the bombing-sights. They are lovely, too, eh? They take height and speed and wind direction and many things and add them up in their little metal brains, and then they tell you just when to lay your eggs. They cost as much as a peasant's income, says Pedro. But is not such a marvel greatly better than one peasant?

In ten minutes we have crossed the mountains and the fighting lines beyond them (so puny they look, yet Pedro

would have them separate heaven and hell), and white smoke - puffs are rocking our lovely plane. But they will not hit us. We ride high, high. Pedro turns and signals, and far below you spy the first objective. Little black cubes crawling along a road - ribbon. Supply and ammunition trucks, hospital vans, crawling like lice up to the earthbound fools in the trenches.

Pedro adjusts course. Now we are coming up over the road. Let us see what those pretty bomb sights can do! Adjust for height, speed, move delicately the little levers and dials. Now, through the appear the crawling train of men and motors. Wait... Now press!... Down they go, the long, slim torpedoes. Down, dwindling straight to their target. Escape if you can. .

Now, look back. Bull'seye or miss?

A-hhhh! Bull's - eye,
? We strike the column-one, two, three,

four! It is a lovely sight! The road opens up in little tight puffs. They unfold so slowly, like

roses. In them, turning over and over, comes the wreckage. Here a whole truck, mounting towards us, here a gun, a tank. Here men, men, men. And parts of men. Opening into four great flowers of war. (Continued on page 370)



Bertram Park A BEAUTIFUL HUNGARIAN

Miss Bella Bordy, première danseuse of the Royal Hungarian Opera House, Budapest. She was a star fungarian Opera House, Budapest. She was a star turn in Hungarian Rhapsody, the very colourful folk-song and dance show, plus playlets and miming, admirably presented by the Ballet Company of Hungary's Royal Opera House, which had an all too short run at the Adelphi

368

GARARIDS

By Special Appointment

Goldsmiths and Jewellers

to the Crown

YOU DON'T DIVE BIG BOMBERS—(Contd. from page 368)

And now the trucks and men have gone. Only big mushrooms of smoke and dust are growing.

It is a great game war, eh? A hit like that thrills like a kiss! The column is gone, the road blocked. They will be pleased at headquarters—perhaps report home. Maria will be pleased, too. We wheel, we go on, for there is other work to do. We save the big bombs for the city. There they can work well. You sing and shout congratulations to Pedro, but he does not reply. Perhaps he cannot hear.

Now we are over the suburbs, and they are opening up the batteries! They think they can wing our lovely bird! That is funny, no? Shall we let them have a 500-pounder?

They shoot well to-day! That was close-very.

That

I will say this for the other side. They did not boast when they brought us down over their city. And afterwards they did not shoot us. Indeed, they treated us well, and even came to talk to us for many hours about our political beliefs. But, perhaps, that was because I was with Pedro, and they would not dare to shoot one from my country.

Now we are leaving the hospital. They could not help us greatly there. They were short of drugs, they said, and of other things. But our burns were nothing - mere scalds! And now they are driving us to a

camp where we will stay until perhaps we can be exchanged, so that we return to our own side. Then we will have fun again. It is exciting, war, eh?

We drive through empty streets. Many houses are wrecked. There seem few shops open, but here and there women are waiting in long queues. They have little food, I judge. They are thin and everywhere there is a wailing of children. Ah, well, that is war. Only so can man become hardy, great.

Pedro says little as we drive. One of his guards has given him a cigarette, calls him comrade. He had expected them to shoot or torture him. Perhaps he is disappointed, eh? He stares at the empty streets and the queues and the wrecked buildings (one is very droll, with a bath and a big bed hanging only by their legs!). He must find

the city very different from when he lived here before. Now we are driving slowly through the suburbs, because the roads are filled with wreckage. The little houses look empty, but they must be filled because many refugees are here.

Suddenly Pedro speaks. He says to the guard: "That is the house where I lived once." The guard grunts and speaks to the driver. We stop and they let Pedro get down. It is an empty house, little, poor. Not like our palace on the canal, eh? He walks through the open door and we wait, and in a few minutes he comes out with some things—rubbish. photographs, and a toy,

We are starting again, when two things happen. The drone, high and far, of 'planes. How well I know that note! So. My colleagues are coming over for some fun. Good luck to them! But they must be very careful of their little brother, eh? How we will laugh at this in the mess when I return. . .

And from one of the houses comes a girl. She is tall and beautiful, and I smile at her, but she takes no notice, but goes up to Pedro and puts her hands on his shoulders, and says: "Pedro?" My poor friend looks as though he had seen a ghost. He stares at her, and eventually he says: "Juanita, cara! But I thought you had left, I thought-And she smiles and says: "No, Pedro, why should I leave? Mama was—has died. You were far away, on the other side, Why should I leave?"

And while they stare at each other like strangers I hear the 'planes coming close overhead. I look at a guard, and we dive down and lie flat on the road. They roar now, but Pedro and the girl take no notice. Now I hear the whine and crash of bombs. Coming nearer. Surely they would not . . . A-hhhhhhh!

Now I can see again. It is not bad, I am not hurt, I think, only buried to the waist in bricks and what once was the truck. But around us the houses have gone. Where is Pedro? Ah, he is there. He is standing still, unhurt. Standing looking up. He is alone. Where is the girl? She has gone-to shelter, perhaps.

No. There is her shawl and the bag she carried. And there, over there against the wall, over against the wall-ah. God! God! I cannot look! One must forget such things! That is war, these days, one knows it. One is not a mother's darling. Ah, God! I think I have fainted, for now they are pulling the wreckage from me. Soon I shall be free. Soon I shall be back again on the other side. In the mess. Singing songs. Or perhaps I shall be home with Maria.

Now they are clearing the last wreckage off. I am freed. But I cannot move! Why cannot I move? I look down at my legs. No, not at my legs, at—well, that is not so good, eh? They are fine fellows those 500-pounders. They cut clean. They save the

surgeons work, eh?
Pedro is still there. He is looking into the sky and talking, low. He is saying: "Swine, swine. Murderous swine. Why didn't you tell me—why didn't you tell me? Swine. . . ."

I try to smile a little, because Pedro is young and doesn't yet know what war is. But I cannot. I am thinking of the girl who was so like Maria. And now the pain is starting.

The pain is starting. It comes in waves from where the feet were, up through the calves and thighs. It is bad, very bad. But I must bear it. It is war, eh? Surely the pain cannot go on, get worse. The doctors will soon stop it, won't they? I must not scream, I must not! Now it is coming all through me. I never knew it could be like this.

Why didn't they tell me it was like this? Oh, mama mia, mama mia. . . .



(LADY CURRE'S)

THE END.

JOHN JACKSON, FORMER K.H. TO SIR EDWARD CURRE

The little whelps, in which the famous pure white

of this pack is amazingly preserved, were on view

at the recent puppy show, in which, of course, they took no part. John Jackson, another feature of the show, was with the late Sir Edward Curre

for twenty-five years as kennel huntsman





AT LORD LLOYD'S DEPARTURE FROM MALTA

A group taken when Lord Lloyd was seen off from Malta after his visit to open

A group taken when Lord Lloyd was seen off from Malta after his visit to open the British Council of which he is chairman. He came home by 'plane, hence the flying nature of the send-off party.

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: Flying Officer Burgess, Personal Assistant to the A.O.C., Lord Lloyd, Air Commodore Leckie, the Air Officer Commanding Mediterranean, Group Captain F. E. P. Barrington. The two A.D.C.s to the Governor are in civilian clothing. Centre (back): Captain E. J. Salomone, Royal Malta Artillery, and Flight Lieut. P. C. M. Buckle, R.W.K.

Theories of Race.

ET not the races of man be confused with the air races of the Isle of Man which are to take place this very week-end on Saturday and Monday. The air races use the aeroplane amiably, for sport and transport; whereas the races of man seem inclined to use it horrifically, for enabling the blond dolichocephalic doops and dunderheads who were unjustifiably boosted by Count Arthur de Gobineau about a century ago, to put it across the rest of the world. It is extraordinarily pleasing to be able occasionally to turn from garbled de Gobineau (or should it be Goebled de Gobineau?) and its animosities to air sport and its friendships. The Isle of Man events are international, but they will not be internecine. The race to the Island will

start from Hatfield, will be open, and, this year, will not include any compulsory stop before the 100 kilometres sea-crossing. The Manx Air Derby is down for Monday, the 29th, and also the Tynwald Air Race.

Handicapping is inevitable, for while armaments have first call on air material, handicap racing is the only kind likely to draw enough entries. And it is better to have a handicap race than no race at all. But let it not be forgotten that the scratch event is the one that stimulates design progress, and is most interesting to watch. If that ill-mannered urchin, the international situation, would desist from jumping out suddenly from behind doors, and giving us all a good many more starts than Mr. Mercury, scratch air racing might come back again. It would do much good in sorting out the many types now being built for Civil Air Guard work, and in providing a trustworthy guide to their qualities. Meanwhile, let us make hay while the handicap lasts.

Aid or First Aid.

And now to take a leap back beyond Empire Air Day and the Royal Aeronautical Society



AT THE AIR LEAGUE "HIGH BALL"

Captain Edgar Percival and Miss Nancy Bird, the famous Australian airwoman, snapshotted at this hearty gathering at Grosvenor House last week, of which a whole page of pictures appear elsewhere in this number. Miss Bird flew from Australia, and is going round the world studying air lines in all the principal countries. She is just off to America

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

garden party to the general meeting of the Air Registration Board, and to some of Sir Maurice Denny's remarks on that occasion. The one that particularly impressed me was when he said that, when smaller firms are producing their first aircraft, the supervision which must be exercised by the Board in order to maintain the British Certificate of Airworthiness standard, really extended to assistance in the design."

"The Council take the view," Sir Maurice went on, "that it is not the proper function of the Board to encourage reliance on the controlling authority for work which should obviously be undertaken by the applicant for a Certificate of Airworthiness." With that view I agree. The object when the Board was set up was partly to increase the individual designer's freedom. But if he must come in for so much supervision that it amounts to "assistance in the design," then it would seem that all the earlier grouses about Air Ministry interference were ill-founded, and that the Air Ministry was really protecting designers against themselves. If a designer is really competent, he should not feel the need for close supervision by an official body in order that his aeroplane shall not crash.

The Greater Reith.

So the terms of the merger whereby Imperial Airways and British Airways will come together under Sir John Reith to form what I have called the Greater Reith, have been announced.

and everybody seemed to be quite pleased about them. I do not pretend to understand the British public's reactions to matters of this kind. At one moment it will be condemning all large monopolies as a reproach and a hissing and at the next it will be hurrying another one along. Personally, I still feel that when Mr. Woods Humphery was sent away from Imperial Airways the Company and British aviation lost one of its most able men. It may have been my imagination, but when Sir Kingsley Wood paid a tribute to Mr. Woods Humphery at the Air Registration Board luncheon, I had an idea he had the same idea at the back of his mind.

One of the new heads of the Greater Reith will be a Runciman, a juxtaposition of names which seems to provoke some vague memories or recollections—like those new scenes

which one suddenly feels one has been familiar with long ago. Anyhow, all that the critic can now do is to wish the best possible luck to the new Corporation when-with shareholders and Parliament's permission-it has been formed-and it is unlikely that there will be any serious hitch—and to hope that it will act and work strongly for the advancement of British commercial aviation. It should be well placed for setting up new and still higher standards of air-line operation. Already the individual companies, Imperial Airways and British Airways, have laid excellent foundations, each in their own different manners. Now that they will be together, they should be able to build fast and well. I give the Corporation my blessing: may it be born with a silver model of the Handley Page "42" in its mouth!

Air A.B.C.

A useful little book has been sent me by W. S. Shackleton, Ltd., the aeronautical consultants. It is an A.B.C. of air services, and, so far as I could check it, it gives full information about the available lines. But I noticed some omissions (Continued on page 376)

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LORD HOWE AND MRS. GEORGE EYSTON

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now Price's Lubricants, Ltd., S.W.11,

inventors of that ingenious slogan, "The oilier oil," have come to the rescue with

their Foldex maps. The point about

them is that they open, but don't unfold

into an unmanageable sheet. And they 're so cleverly arranged that, whether your

All these snapshots were taken at the annual lunch of the Company of Veteran Motorists which was held at the Trocadero, and the camera has gathered a few of the many celebrities, not all of whom are able to date back to the red-flag days. General Oldman, who is on the committee, after a very distinguished army career got the 47th (London) Division T.A. Lord Howe and the wife of another high-speed performer hardly need any introduction, nor for that matter does Mrs. Kay Petre, now happily recovered from that perfectly horrible accident. Admiral Borrett, who is on the Executive Committee of the Company, was formerly S. N. O. Yangtze

Widening Western Avenue.

TITH the start of prolonging Western Avenue towards Denham, a major operation necessitating a long twin carriage-way viaduct, comes the piecemeal widening of the one-track road in the centre section of the same by-pass.

A cycle track is being pulled up, and trees planted a few years ago are being cut down. It seems a pity that, instead of this ruthless treatment, they could not have been saved and transplanted elsewhere. In Germany they move very large trees successfully, and at Nuremberg last summer, I actually saw specimens that had been transplanted recently and were protected from the elements by an arrangement of sails.

When this widening is complete, Western Avenue will be twin-track all the way from the White City to the outskirts of Uxbridge. Its history reveals the same sort of short-range thinking and hotch-potch planning that figured first on the Kingston by-pass, and then on the Great West Road. In both these cases, the authorities have been forced to adopt the twin carriage-way principle in the long run. Had they planned for this in the first place, the taxpayer would have been saved tens of thousands of pounds, quite apart from a reduction in the number of accidents that

have occurred.

Making It More Difficult.

Nearly eighty miles west of Uxbridge, at the entrance to Andoversford, on A 40 to be precise, strange things are happening. Road-workers are engaged in building out bulges on to what was a perfectly good main road. In consequence the road is narrowed at a T-junction, and the negotiation of the bulges calls for skill and caution. There are several of these swellings, plus a lot of new kerbing and level-raising, and it all seems very stupid. Presumably the idea is to convert this stretch into a kind of obstacle race, and by making its negotiation difficult, achieve first minimum speed, and second security. But I cannot believe that restricting perfectly good road space is sound What is wanted is more, practice. not less, road.

Map-Reading Simplified.

Infolding a map in a car generally results in your knocking out your passenger's cigarette, or ruffling your girl friend's Christie Cut. But

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

journey lies north or south, east or west, it leads straight off one sheet on to another. Six-and-six is the price of the maps covering England and Scotland. The maps of the two countries separately cost three shillings each. Price's have also developed, in conjunction with the touring department of the R.A.C., a series of maps showing trafficfree routes as opposed to direct and congested main roads. These maps are particularly useful to those living in the South of England, where traffic congestion reaches its peak. Complete with a neat leather wallet, the set costs five shillings.

A Route-Reading Tip.

As it is not easy to read a map and drive at the same time, those who make long, companionless journeys across unfamiliar country at home, and more particularly abroad, may be glad of this tip. Before starting make out a route-

just the names of the places and the mileage—and stick the paper on the inside of the windscreen where it can be read easily without stopping. Only vesterday in London I saw the same idea carried out in another way. The driver had attached a sheaf of notes to the upright and flat spoke of his steering-wheel by means of an ordinary paper clamp-clip. Whether he ever contemplated making notes thereon as he drove along I don't know. But to be able to do so would be an advantage. I've often tried to do this, but the time lost in deciphering the resulting scrawl more than balances the lag entailed by a stop and properly written memos.

Some Talk of Sunbeam-Talbot, and Some . . .

René Thomas swooping up Gaillon Hill (France) at over 100 miles an hour on the 350-h.p. twelve-cylinder Sunbeam. The column of dust that filled the valley in the wake of the monster. The hushed expectancy of the crowd cowering in safe places, waiting for the big thrill of the classic meeting. Those were the ghosts that hovered round the Sunbeam-Talbot (Continued on page 376)



LADY ELIBANK AND LORD ALNESS AT THE VETERAN MOTORISTS' LUNCH

Lady Elibank's distinguished husband was in the chair at this annual reunion which was held at the Trocadero. Lord Alness was a member of the House of Lords Committee on Road Safety, and made a most excellent speech upon this occasion, as, of course, he would

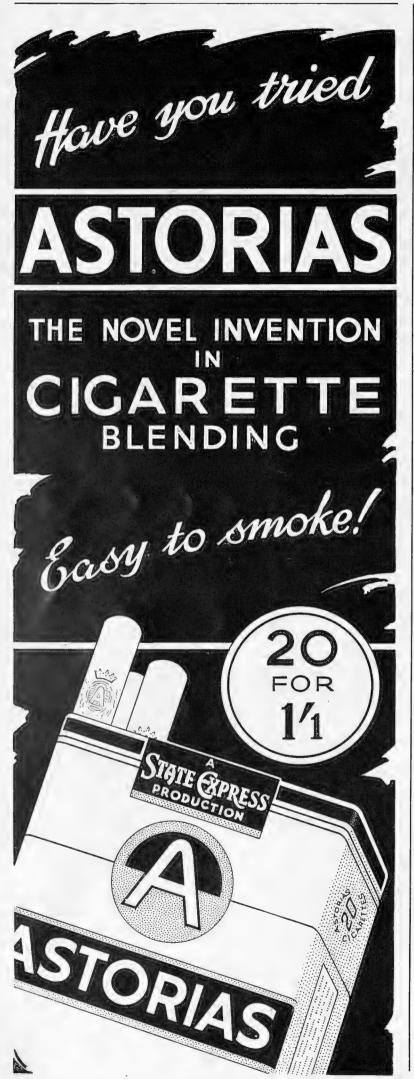
This England...



From Langdale Pikes

THAT nought is made in haste save mistakes might be an axiom born in the fells, for indeed, their very nature prohibits haste. It was twenty six years before Westmorland was annexed to William after the Conquest. Cromwell made no impression—his Protectorate was too short-lived! To this day you may move from one district to the next and be an "outener" to your new neighbours for a term of years. Yet if life is difficult for the fell farmer, rare is he that fears to meet the manager of his bank. For here is the notable English quality of slow care and mindful storing of experience, that brings the truest measure of success. How else indeed would your so English Worthington have earned and kept its centuries of fame but by the unhurried thoroughness of every golden brew.





Air Eddies—(Continued from page 372)

in the section giving a list of companies' addresses This, however, is not the main portion of the book.

In the matter of air transport generally a good deal of importance attaches to recognizing that taxi and charter work are linked with regular air-line operation. To get the best out of air transport, the whole gamut of aircraft size, from the small machines to the large, must collaborate. This is a point appreciated by Captain G. Birkett, of Birkett Air Service, and his fleet stands always ready to make linkages with the regular lines anywhere at any time by means of taxi and charter. People tend to imagine that these charter firms are almost wholly engaged on extra special work of the kind wanted for urgent press transport; but actually their scope for perfectly normal transport is being steadily increased as the service they offer becomes better known and appreciated.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 374)

factory when I called to collect a new four-litre saloon the other day. And when I met one of the senior staff who had been closely associated with the heroic adventures of Percy Lambert on the invincible Talbot, more memories gripped me. I thought of that grand endeavour when

man for the first time in the history of the world travelled over one hundred miles in the space of a single hour. And of how the same man soon afterwards lost his life at Brooklands in another gallant effort.

Today, these great names, Sunbeam and Talbot, are merged in one car under the dynamic control of the R o o t e s brothers' organization. The new fourlitre model combines with



DISTINGUISHED HUNGARIAN FLIERS IN ENGL .ND

M. Stefan Horthy, son of the renowned Hungarian with Sir Stenson Cooke at the R.A.C. M. Horthy party of eight members from the Hungarian Aero C to be the guests of the Royal Aeronautical Society R.A.C. during their stay in England. Sir Stenson was their host at a "welcome" luncheon

agent, and his are and the Cooke

the qualities of first-class workmanship and individual appearance the sort of fitness and fineness that a well-trained horse or athlete possesses. The car has a thoroughbred look and a thoroughbred feel. It off performance of the transatlantic types with the manners of Winchester and the tailoring of Savile Row. Its maximum speed on second, third and top were 38, 65 and 85 m.p.h., and even when touring fast with a load of three and luggage, fuel consumption approached eighteen miles per gallon. Cruising speed was almost anything one liked to ask. For instance, a certain thirty-two miles over the open Cotswolds took no longer than thirty-two minutes, while Dashwood Hill, beyond West Wycombe on A40, was demolished at 68 m.p.h. So that on the score of performance the car got full marks. Two features made these rather rapid comings and goings possible with complete comfort and One was the variable hand control of the Luvix hydraulic shock absorbers and the other the individual suspension of the front wheels. The seats, both back and front, were exceptionally restful and gave well-distributed support to legs, back and shoulders. The driving position retained a quality peculiar to old Sunbeams, i.e., it seemed to have been designed to suit your own particular anatomy. A forty-one feet twin circle, wide angle driving view, instruments graded in English and metric measurements, so useful on the Continent, instant starting from cold and metallized paintwork were other good points. For a 26.88-h.p. car of such class, £455 is not excessive.

24 hours at Le Mans.

The performance of the Lagondas now being prepared at Staines for the great French annual twenty-four hours' test of endurance at Le Mans will be watched with interest. Captain W. O. Bentley, who is supervising the arrangements at the works, is an old hand at the racing game. In fact, he is one of a very small band of men who are or have been both race drivers and designers. The late Parry-Thomas was another notable example. Years ago I remember W. O. B. as an enthusiastic motor-bicycle racer in the early T.T. races in the Isle of Man. During the war he designed the B.R.I. radial air-cooled engine, manufactured, if memory serves me, by Humbers at Coventry



Polo Notes—(Continued from page 366)

any surprise, as they say it had been hopeless for some time; next we have one good pony killed and two others knocked out in a railway accident when they were travelling east from California. An ugly tale of disaster and yet we are not downhearted: we never are. The best possible news is that all the remaining ponies are first class and that

the team, now chosen, has knit amazingly well. This is, I understand, our final formation: Mr. R. Skene (7), No. 1; Mr. Aidan Roark (8), No. 2; Mr. Gerald Balding (10), No. 3; and Mr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin (8), back; a 33-goal team which has got to meet a 40 one, Mr. Michael Phipps having been raised a point. The pundits say our team is worth at least another four goals. In any case the proposition looks to me to be somewhat formidable and, as I have already said, we have no real public form at the moment.

To round off things for the present, the following is part of a report sent to Hurlingham by the non-playing captain, Lord Cowdray

"The ponies on the whole have turned out satisfactorily. · Eleven of the best were shipped to Aiken on February 14 to join the twenty-four ponies we have there already. Four ponies have not turned out well and have been disposed of in California. Of the private ponies, those which it has been decided will not be required in Long Island have either been disposed of or in some cases sent home. The remaining ponies, twentyseven in number, will be shipped to Long Island on April 25, after our final match, and the total number of ponies we shall have in Long Island will be sixty-two. Included in this number are seven ponies of Lord Cowdray's for his own use, so that fifty-five will be available for the team.'

The rest of Lord Cowdray's most interesting dispatch I think it will be desirable to publish later, for it has not yet seen the light of day in any English newspaper. It deals with the preliminary part of the training, and as this

foundation is always the most important part of the horse, I think it should demand our close attention. There is a very true old saying:

'no foot-no horse!"



SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON-GRANT, BT. ON THE SPEY A picture taken when Sir George Macpherson-Grant was fishing his own water at Ballintalloch Castle—at without success as the two good fish testify

As to news from the other side of the Atlantic, it is still more or less negative; but it looks as if they had picked the right quartette. Good luck, anyhow! This printer will not give me a chance to say anything about what may have happened at Meadowbrook when our people were signalled for their first stripped gallop against a really strong side. *

Purely because this paper travels to so many polo-playing countries and not because it is news straight off the fire, 1 am impelled to publish the draw for the Inter-Regimental. So here is the official announcement:

Announcement:

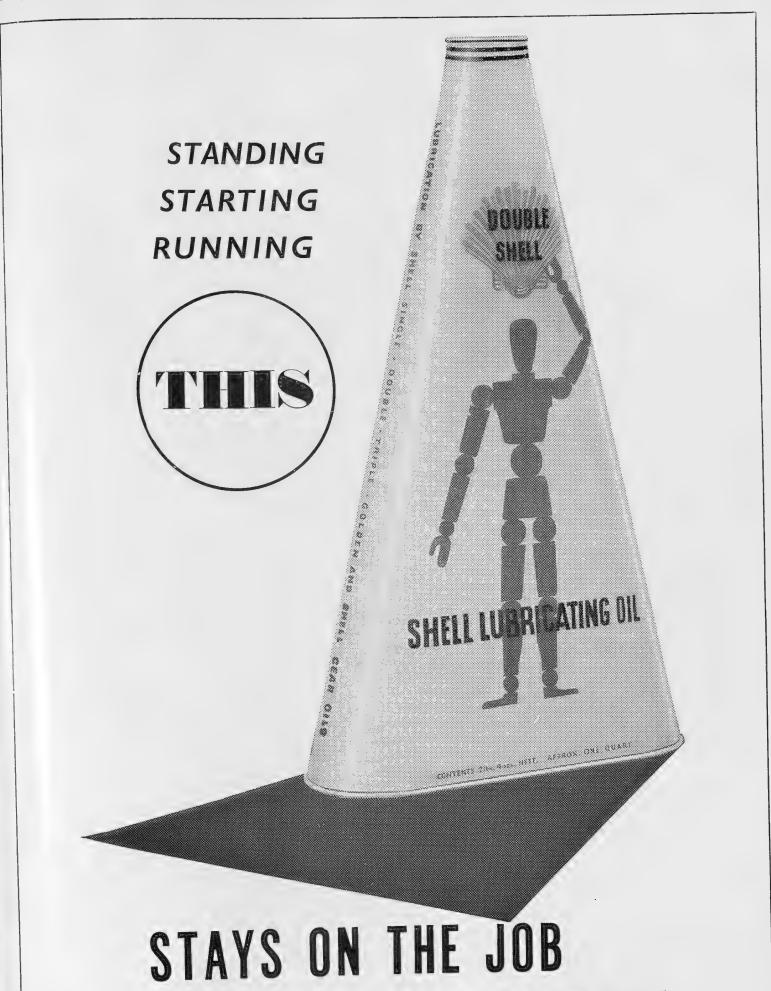
Preliminary ties in the Aldershot and Tidworth groups must be completed by June 8, and those in the London group will be played between June 3 and June 10 under arrangements to be made by the regiments concerned with the polo manager of the Hurlingham Club. The draw is:

First round.—(A) 3rd The King's Own Hussars v. The Queen's Bays, at Tidworth. Byes.—1st King's Dragoon Guards, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, 12th Royal Lancers, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, 8th/Queen's Royal Lancers, 15th/19th Royal Janeers, 10th Royal Hussars and 4th Queen's Own Hussars.

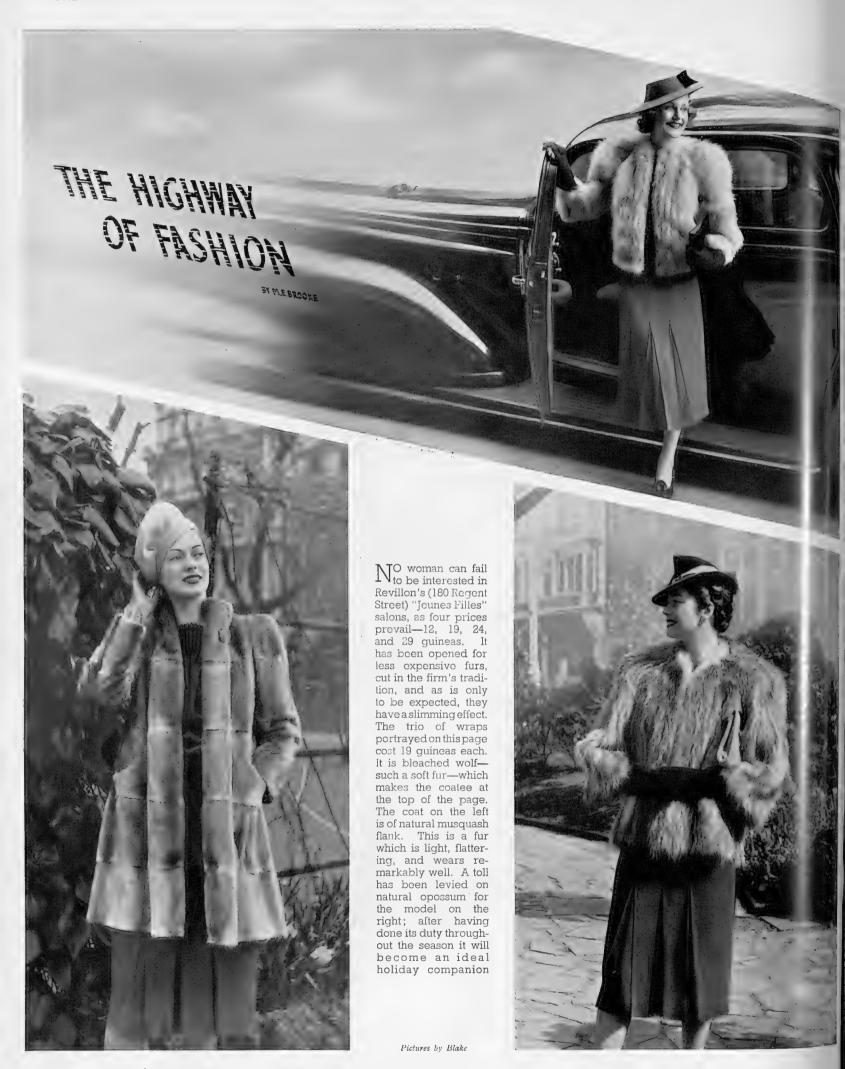
Second round.—(B) 1st King's Dragoon Guards v. 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, at Aldershot; (C) winners 1 A v. 9th/Queen's Royal Lancers, at Tidworth; (D) 10th Hussars v. 4th Queen's Own Hussars, at Tidworth. 12th Royal Lancers, 15th/19th The King's Royal Royal Hussars, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, 15t



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[No. 1978, MAY 24, 1939





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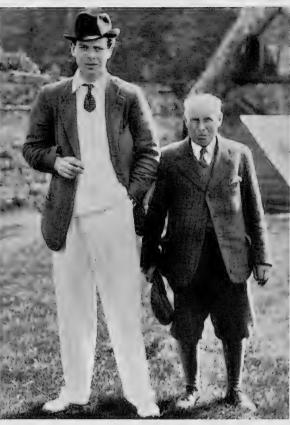
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THE NEWDIGATE PRIZEWINNER: MR. KENNETH STANLEY KITCHIN

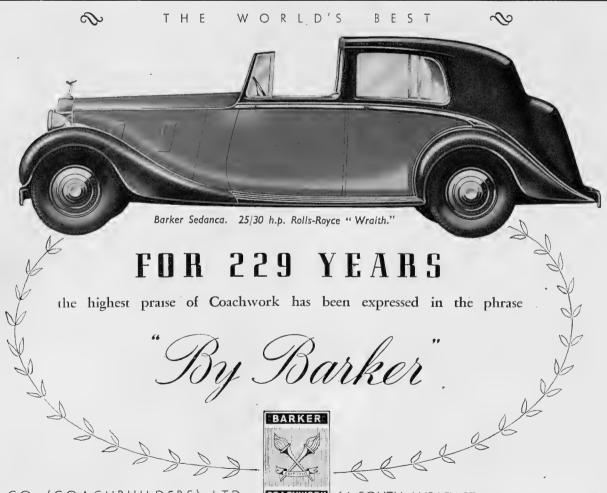


AT THE CHRIST CHURCH BEAGLES PUPPY SHOW: THE HON. PETER WOOD AND HARRIS



C. H. SALTER, NEW COLLEGE, THE CHANCELLOR'S ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZEWINNER

The above three photographs all deal with events at Oxford, but one differs somewhat from the other two. In the first is seen the winner of the Newdigate at his third attempt, Mr. Kenneth Kitchin, of New College. This year's subject was "Dr. Newman Revisits Oxford," and Mr. Kitchin's poem, written Spenserian style, in twenty-eight stanzas, deals with Cardinal Newman's visit to Oxford in 1878. Lord Halifax's son, the Hon. Peter Wood, was taken Christ Church Beagles Puppy Show, of which he was Master from 1935-1937. With him is Harris, who is so well known and liked by followers of every poxfordshire and Berkshire. Mr. C. H. Salter, who won the Chancellor's English Essay prize, is in his second year at New College, and before that was at St. aul's



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MISS JUNE PAWLE

The elder daughter of Brigadier Hanbury Pawle, C.B.E., and Mrs. Hanbury Pawle, of Great Amwell, Herts, who is engaged to Mr. B. G. Britton, Coldstream Guards, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Britton, of Monken Hadley, Herts

Britton, of Monken Hadley, Herts
Church Place
Eversley Cross, Hants., and the late Mrs. Baker-Carr and
Evelyn Mary, youngerdaughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Jordan
Beattie, The Whinns, Callander, Perthshire; Mr. G. N. Parry, youngest son of Edward Arthur Parry, and Mrs. Parry, of Deer Park, Honiton, Devon, and Collingham Gardens, S.W.5, and Nona, elder daughter of Jacques Sapiro and Mme Sapiro, of Avenue Ernest Reyer, Paris; Mr. J. M. Bruce Lockhart, eldest son of the Paris; Mr. J. M. Bruce Lockhart, eldest son of the Headmaster of Sedbergh and Mrs. Bruce Lockhart and Margaret Evelyn Hone, younger daughter of the Bishop of Wakefield and Mrs. Hone, Woodthorpe Lodge, Wakefield; Mr. J. H. M. Raby, son of Canon Andrew Raby, M.A., and the late Mrs. Raby, of Leicester, and Audrey Anne, daughter of the late Sir Lewis Richardson, Bt., C.B.E., and of Lady Richardson, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa; Captain D.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

A London Wedding Today.

Mr. C. S. Madden, 60th Rifles, and
Miss Rachel Whitaker are being married at Chelsea Old Church today at 2.30 p.m.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. R. L. V. ffrench Blake, 17th/21st
Lancers, son of the late Major
St. J. L. A. O'B. ffrench Blake and
of Mrs. L. M.
Wilson, of

Burner's Cottage, Stoke Poges, and Grania Bryde, daughter of the late Captain W. H. Curran and of Mrs. Curran, Westbourne Terrace, W.2. Captain R. M. T. Baker-Carr, The Argylland Sutherland Highlanders, elder son of Major H. B. F. Baker - Carr,



MISS HAZEL ROBINS

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. P. C. Hall, fourth son of the late Mr. John Hall and of Mrs. Hall, of Broughton Hall, Staffordshire, Miss Robins is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Robins, of Purley, Caldy, Cheshire

H. Rycroft, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, younger son of the late Rev. E. H. Rycroft, and of Mrs. Rycroft, and Cicely Phoebe Susanna, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Otter-Barry, Glazeley Hall, Bridgnorth; Mr. G. R. Elsmie, The Gordon Highlanders, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. F. Elsmie, of Banchory, Aberdeenshire, and Jocelyn Bruce, second daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dunkerley, The Hill House, Wansford, Peterborough; Commander W. M. Phipps Hornby, R.N. (retired) only son of Admiral and Mrs. R. S. Phipps Hornby, of Lordington House. Chichester, and Mary Constance, only child of the late Corbet A. F. Radford and of the Hon. Mrs.



MISS ANGELA MITCHELL

Who has just become engaged to Mr. G. P. M. Fitzgerald, Irish Guards, the younger son of Captain and Mrs. A. Fitzgerald, of Warneford House, Buckland, Berks. Miss Mitchell is the daughter of the late Captain J. R. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of Manchester Street, W.1

Corbet Radford, of Malvern Court, Onslow Square, S.W. Colonel G. L. G. Pollard, M.B.E., late Royal Signals, son of Dr. G. S. Pollard, V.D., J.P., and Mrs. Pollard, of Weston-super-Mare, and Patricia Kathleen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Maunsell, of Eardenstowe, Wisborough Green, Sussex; Mr. F. R. Lucas, Royal Artillery, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lucas, St. Decave, Malvern, and Janine Gilberte, only child of M. and Mme G. Charpentier, of La Rochelle, France; Lieutenant-Commander J. A. S. Brame, R.N., only son of Professor J. S. S. Brame, C.B.E., and Mrs. Brame, of Blackheath, and Clare Millear, youngest daught. Thomas Lyle, F.R.S., and Lady Lyle, C.B.E., of Melbourne; Captain D. I. C. Tennant and Co r of Sir oorak istance Marian Hayward, younger daughter of the late C. Hayward, Abingdon, Berks., and Mrs. H Dr. M. yward.





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COLONEL ff. LASCELLES WITH H.E. DESIGNATE THE HON, ARTHUR HOPE



BISHOP PARRY AND SUBADHAR MOHAN SINGH (AT BACK) A FRIEND

All these pictures were taken at a genial little gathering—Mrs. Eric Rice's "Chaps" party in honour of the Governor-Designate of Madras, Captain th Arthur Hope, Lord Rankeillour's son and heir and former Member for the Aston Division of Birmingham. H.E. Elect succeeds Lord Erskine, who that somewhat exacting charge in 1934. Many prominent people who are connected with "the brightest jewel in the imperial diadem" were at this Among them, the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, one of the Secretary of State for India (former Governor of Bengal, Lord Zetland), Rao Bahadur Govindachari, Subadhar Mohan Singh, Subadhar Mohan Singh, Subadhar Mohan Sin Colonel Lascelles, seen with the future Excellency, commanded a New Zealand battalion during the Wa of State's advisers, and a host more.

party. retary



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also a beginner. This is the case with Mrs. Chitty, who has only lately gone in for French Bulldogs. She owns a

really good one in Bonhams Close

Tiercel, whose photograph is given, Tiercel, as his prefix denotes, is by one of Mrs. Cochrane's dogs. He is

one of the best French Bulldogs now

before the public. In addition to his being of true French Bull type, he is exceedingly active and lively, as French Bulldogs always should be and often are not! His mistress believes

in exercise and he is always in prime condition and is a perfectly sound dog.

He was reserve champion at Cruft's, and should go far. Mrs. Chitty also owns a very nice pied bitch which has done some

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

At the recent meeting of the executive the trophy subscribed for in memory on view. The response to the invita-

on view. tion to subscribe had been a good one and the trophy is really beautiful. A silver tray, tea-pot, sugar basin and cream jug, the best of its kind, as it would be, chosen as it was by Baroness Burton and Miss Caselda. It is to be offered every year for the best in the non-sporting group, and was won this year by Mrs. Powys Lybbe's Ch. Kren of the Hollow.

The W.E.L.K.S. Show at Cheltenham was the greatest success. The weather pulled itself together and the Pittville Gardens looked their best. It was an excellent show and there seemed a good gate, anyway, judging



Property of Mrs. Ionides

by the number of cars in the car park.

The Poodle has become very popular of late. A good Poodle, well turned out, is a most handsome dog, in addi-tion to which he is extremely brainy. Mrs. Ionides turned her attention to Poodles a few years ago, and went at once to the top. There are a number of Poodles of the highest class in her kennels. The photograph is of a litter by Ch. Vulcan Champagne Pommery ex Vulcan Chocolate. (In passing, I might draw attention to the photograph, one of the best even Mr. Fall has ever taken.) There is also, as every one knows, a strong kennel of Griffons, red and black. These have done a lot of winning.

There are usually puppies and young stock of all ages of

winning. All luck to this rising kennel.

The Brussels Griffon is admittedly a made breed, made about fifty years ago by workmen in Brussels. Whatever his origin he is a delightful little dog as a companion, full of life, perfectly hardy and extremely intelligent. Mrs. Bridle specializes in miniature Griffons and sends a photograph of the smallest

both these breeds for sale. They can be seen by appointment at Twickenham. In spite of what people write to the papers it is always a pleasure to any

one interested in a breed to see a beginner in it with a really good young dog,

of them all, Atoms Gift; he was the smallest exhibit at Cruft's this year, two pounds weight, full grown. Mrs. Bridle's miniature Griffons Lala Rookh Jolie (Wee Man) and Tough Guy are well known to all show goers, especially for their performances in Obedience Classes, where they have beaten Alsatians. These small Griffons are quite as hardy and strong as the large ones and can take their part with other dogs. Mrs. Bridle has miniature Griffons at stud nd usually Miniatures. Letters to Miss Bruce,

Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



MINIATURE GRIFFON Property of Mrs. Bridle

BONHAMS CLOSE TIERCEL

Property of Mrs. Chitty



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Tennis — (Continued from page 364)

times, she seems lost and floundering, on court, like someone a

guide has deserted on a misty mountain top.

But enough of the ladies this week. For once, it is possible to write truthfully in praise of our men players, in that they just scrambled home against New Zealand in their Davis Cup tie. As we had a bye in the first round, we are now in the third round, where we encounter the winners of the French-Chinese tie. It is unlikely that we shall survive any further, so it is all the more important to distribute a bouquet of congratulations while we can. And certainly Hare is to be congratulated on the way that he hung on to victory in the final rubber, especially as lately I understand that his heart, if not his mind, has been deeply preoccupied. I sincerely hope that the way he steered his country home will be for him a good omen, where his personal life is concerned. Indeed, I had hoped to be able to announce his engagement this week to a fellow tennis star, with perhaps the most perfect style of any woman player in the world today, but since rumour is a lying jade I shall have to content myself with discussing instead Hare's doubles partnership on court with Wilde, that, alas, seems recently to have gone all to pieces. "So much so, that I wonder if the selectors will consider bringing Olliff and Billington into the side in the next tie, especially as the latter pair have followed up their victory at Bournemouth by a convincing defeat of Borotra and Gentien, when representing London in the recent I.C. match against Paris. I have a hunch that this partnership is going to do even bigger things before the season is over: it contains just the right balance of strength and subtlety allied that will often prevail over two individually more brilliant players. Billington has been arriving for some time now: it needed Olliff's maturity and counsel to bring out the best in him. Alas, I don't know what is needed to bring out the best in Shayes; but one thing is certain, if he cannot be relied upon to beat Malfroy in a single—for the New Zealand captain is a far greater player in doubles-then I do not see how he can ever hope to be a world beater.

But I am retrogressing into pessimism again, and I am determined that this week my notes shall be as cheerful and as full of sunshine as the day I spent at Oxford playing for George Godsell's team against the Varsity. Last year we were in a commanding position when play was stopped by rain. This time there was too much wind for that to happen, though the logic of that hardly appealed to one at the moment that one had the chagrin of watching one's most teasing lobs sailing out of court. That old tag about it being the same for both sides never somehow seems to be any comfort at the moment of disaster.

However, I would not be so unsporting as to suggest that it was the wind that caused our defeat this year. The truth was that, whereas we had a weaker side—and even if we hadn't suspected that beforehand, we couldn't have been able to resist the hint of being asked to change this year in the pavilion of the Nondescripts' Club—Oxford was undoubtedly stronger, for Briggs, moved up from second pair, makes a better partner for King in the doubles, and of the newcomers both Kitovitz and Lawton, who is an Australian from Melbourne, recently arrived in this country, are more formidable opponents than last year's red-haired secretary, Gobson. The latter's place in the team, at least, where height is concerned has been taken by Maude-Roxby, who is such an eager student of the game and spent so much time last winter hero-worshipping at Queen's, that he deserves his reputation of being the most improved player in the side that will have played Cambridge before this appears in print.

For my own part, I was very struck with the advance that Briggs, who has been receiving coaching from Major Moss at Godalming, has made since I was last at Oxford, and I should not be surprised to see him win his spurs at Wimbledon this year, for his forehand has now come into alignment with his most aggressive, early-taken backhand, and he was clearly very superior in his singles match against Higgin, who, like myself, was playing for the first time this season on grass. And how one flounders at first. In our side there was a charming Hungarian, who has recently taken refuge in this country, and who had a first-class reputation in his own for his performances on hard courts. He had never seen a grass court till his visit to Oxford. Completely at sea, he quite failed to do himself justice, even on the volley. It is curious how the sudden change of surface should affect a volleyer equally with a player who depends for his attack on his ground strokes, but inevitably the flight of the ball is different, coming off the ground more swiftly, and that is enough in itself to unsight the newcomer to But at least our Hungarian friend must have been delighted with his first glimpse of Oxford itself, of the chestnuts, majestic and in full flower, surrounding the grounds and in the distance the noble outline of Christ Church bringing a final sense of peace and security to the scene. Not, let me hasten to add, that all was not quiet upon the tennis Indeed, it was very pleasant to see our old friends from last year, like R. G. Sturdy, and on this occasion there wasn't even the frequent shots from the starting pistol of the police sports that leat year somewhat distracted from our concentration. My only regree, as a member of the visiting side, is that owing to the four matches that have to be played in one day, there is little time left over for a miendly exchange of ideas over the lunch and tea-table.



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Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 361)

to be pouring across the Oxus in full blast for the invasion of India, and

everyone expected war at any moment. The regiment was promptly turned back into light cavalry, and so it has remained ever since. I have not heard of any suggestion that it should be mechanized and I hope that it never will be, for it can be far more useful in its cavalry entity. Riots in India are very often quite uglyyoung battles under very unpleasant circumstances, and upon such occasions as these the C.L.H. has done its job very thoroughly and with high efficiency. It stopped a nasty rush of very explosive persons across the canal which is to the west of Calcutta, and which if it had got through might have meant a deal of marching. It was at a time when all the jute and other brokers were about the city with loaded revolvers conveniently placed on top of their order books.

In all this welter of snarl and face-making, to say nothing of snook-cocking, it is assuaging to receive some copies of a most elaborately gotten-up magazine entitled Freude und Arbeit, issued as I am persuaded by the Propaganda Minister of the German Reich. The Herr Doktor Goebbels is to be felicitated upon a most excellent journalistic achievement! On the cover of one of the most recent copies which some unknown friend in Berlin has sent me, is a reproduction of one of Alken's hunting scenes, The Meet. This, I think, is a particularly Freundlich touch; but perhaps the Editor could have got a better effect if he had patronized someone like Lionel Edwards, "Snaffles" or G. D. Armour.



THE YOUNG EARL OF ANGUS AT THE CAMERONIANS'
250TH CONVENTICLE ANNIVERSARY

Major-General Sir Eric Girdwood, colonel of the regiment, introduces the infant son of Lord and Lady Clydesdale to the regiment at the 250th anniversary conducted at Douglas. This baby earl is the direct descendant of that Earl of Angus under whom the Cameronians fought with such great bravery against the troops of James II at Dunkeld

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

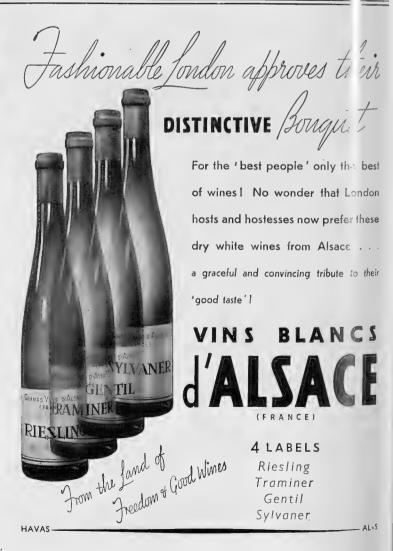
The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street S.W.1., write that they are anxious to bring to notice the following tragic case. Miss Rose, aged sixty-one years, has been a cripple since childhood; when she was young she used to earn a little by knitting, though never enough to support herself. She and her sister (also an invalid) lived for many years in charity homes, and the old ladies were devoted to each other, but alas, Miss Emma died in March and Miss Rose is quite heartbroken. Her income consists of £20 annually from a charitable society and an annuity of £11. The old lady is now living very contentedly in a home, but an annual £20 has to be raised in order that she may stay there.

Special.

Trs. Cecil Chesterton, O.B.E.—founder Most the shilling-a-night Cecil Lodging Houses for homeless women and girls—will lay the foundation stone of the new Cecil Residential Club for working girls in Gower Street, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Wednesday, June 7, at 3 p.m. This new residential club—to accommodate seventy-two girls—will supply for 14s. 6d. weekly, a good breakfast and evening meal, full board at the weekend, and the girls will sleep four in a room with curtained cubicles. There is a games room, sun terrace, lounge, diningroom and a laundry with a ½d. in the slot electric iron. The Club will eventually be self-supporting, but at the moment there is some £8,000 outstanding on the building expenses, but it is the hope of the Founder that this will be wiped out before the end of the year. There are hundreds of your 3 girls in London working in cinemas, offices and cafés, who earn from £1 to £1 15s, a week, but who find it quite impossible to get hoste: accom-

modation at a price so well within their







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Five-Day Fresheners.

EVERYTHING, even dressing, is being speeded up. Toilet treatments must be swift, efficient and lasting, so Tattoo have evolved a new deodorant and anti-perspirant method that will be a real blessing to the busy woman. Their "Five-Day Under Arm Pads" are used in a moment, whisked under both arms and thrown away. The effect of one application lasts at least five days and usually more. The solution in which the pads are soaked cannot harm your frocks; it is not only a deodorant, but actually stops all perspiration. Eighteen of these pads in an "Ever-moist" jar cost 1s. 3d., which means three or four months of protection for a very small outlay. They are sold practically everywhere.



OTHER CONCERNS

Hands Up.

"CMART to her finger-tips" is literally true of Othe woman who studies new shades in nail varnish. Peggy Sage, whose products are to be bought practically everywhere, has three exciting tints to give the last touch to summer outfits, For the new browns, clay and henna and desert gold, she pioneers with "Goldrush," an intriguing polish with golden lights. Sophisticated, certainly, but a good idea for cruising as well as for town. With clear fuchsia and violet shades "Heartbreak" brings a vibrant life to your nails; its clear, sharp pink makes hands look extra fair by contrast. In the evening, against a background of fragile chiffons, "Nosegay" gives flower-pink tips to fluttering hands. All these shades come in a new type of lacquer, rather heavier than usual. It is easier to apply and though it dries a little more slowly, wears extraordinarily well.

All Set for Summer.

OUT-OF-DOOR life is beginning again, with the sunlight beating down on uncovered arms and legs. If there is any growth of hair to spoil their smooth surface this should be removed at once with "Wonderstoen," a flat, rose-tinted compact which can be bought practically everywhere. Simply rotate it over the skin. This action has a natural tendency to make the pores smaller, so that the growth is not only softened but gradually diminished. A little powder, and the skin will look clear and smooth. The "De Luxe" size, specially made for arms and legs, costs 13s. 6d., but there is a "Facial" size for 5s. 6d. This should be used to remove my hair on the upper lip, cheeks or chin, a rather embarrassing—and unnecessary—disfig rement

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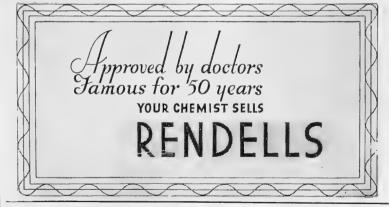
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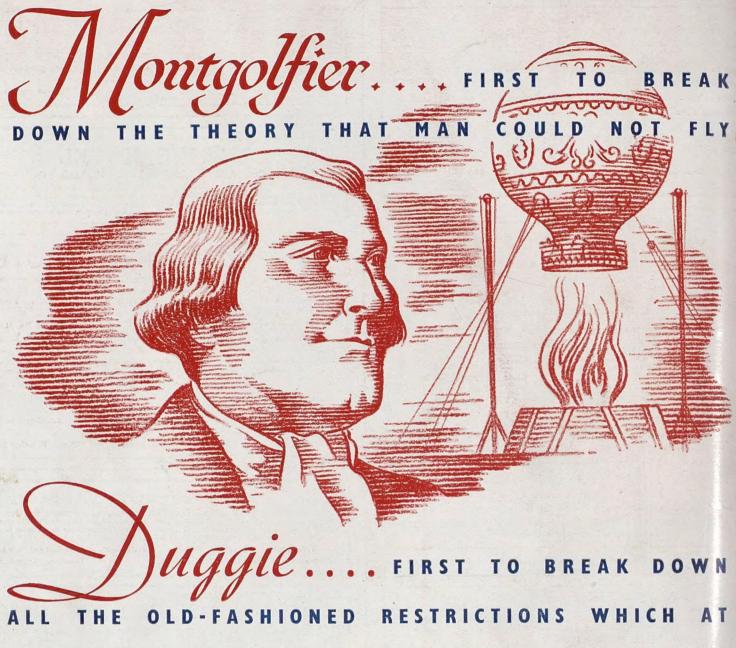
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